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MR. ROOT'S work as the chief of the American Commission in Russia may suffer from certain severe and unnecessary handicaps; but if so he appears to be adopting the most effective course to remove them. His speech on the occasion of his official reception made an admirable introduction to his future labors. It placed the difficult negotiations which he is undertaking in the background of ideas and aspirations common to the two nations. To do so was not an easy task. The American republic is an elderly and highly respectable democracy, whose ideals were formed and whose traditions established in the eighteenth century, and which is finding them ill adjusted to modern economic and social conditions. The Russian republic is ultra-modern. It is as yet without experience, without traditions, without proved institutions, without an assured future. Its political machinery and its effective traditions will be moulded under the influence of social ideas and economic conditions utterly different from those which have moulded the United States. Yet since they both call themselves democracies and since both are striving to sustain their own vitality in an uncongenial world, their ideals and problems have something fundamental in common. Mr. Root's speech expressed with warm feeling, with lucidity and with imagination what the fundamentals are, which in the present grave emergency should induce and assist the two republics to understand each other and to work together.

BOTH the American and the Russian democracies in so far as they are sincere have a common faith. It was adequately expressed by Mr. Root as a "faith in the coming of a better world in which the humble and oppressed of all lands may be lifted up by freedom to a heritage of justice and equal opportunity." The common faith, however, cannot be realized unless it brings with it a common spirit of toleration which authorizes each democracy to make its experiment in its own way, and this spirit again was most happily ennunciated by Mr. Root. "As we have developed our institutions," he said, "to serve the needs of our national character and life, so, we assume, you will develop your institutions to serve the needs of Russian life and character." Finally, these two democracies, which have at once so little and so much in common, are both engaged in a war, which unless their enemy is frustrated will deny to both of them the opportunity of developing their purposes to serve the needs of their own life and character; and until that enemy is frustrated they must fight together in order to avoid losing everything by being beaten separately. These quotations sufficiently prove how well Mr. Root understands the nature of his great task, and they encourage the belief that he may at least in some measure also prove able to accomplish it. We are the more ready to declare and to welcome the improving chances of Mr. Root's success, because when his appointment was announced, we considered such success to be improbable.

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TAXATION experts will approve almost unanimously of the Senate amendment to the War Revenue bill establishing the excess profits tax on a sliding scale basis. Most business men will also approve the plan as inherently fair. The government clearly ought to take the lion's share of profits greatly inflated by war, and it can do this without checking the development of industry. Such a tax will, however, require expert administration if it is to be fully effective. Knotty problems will continually recur in fixing the base from which the excess is to be measured. The average profits of a period of peace years may serve as a general rule, but we have hosts of profit-making establishments that have sprung up since the war, which will require different treatment. Most concerns that are making great profits at present, especially in the munitions trade, have acquired equipment that will be useless after the war, or will at any rate be worth only a fraction of its cost. Practically all equipment is purchased now at prices that are greatly inflated and will therefore lose much of its value when normal conditions return. This means that a large allowance for capital depreciation should be set against gross receipts if true profits are to be determined. Our revenue administration ought to have a machinery competent to handle this question of depreciation authoritatively. Otherwise the abuses now discovered in the munitions tax are sure to be multiplied.

AN incontestable strategic idea lies behind the aviation plans of the administration. If American energy and ingenuity are equal to the task of training 20,000 aviators and keeping them supplied with planes the United States may be making a decisive contribution to the military defeat of the Germans. It is the object of the higher command of every army to obtain some superiority over its enemy in numbers, equipment and munitions. Now that the eastern front is quiet, it is improbable that on the western front any sufficient superiority can be obtained over Germany in men and munitions, unless the United States can bring its resources into action as completely as Great Britain has done; and this would take several years. But with American help a decisive superiority in the air can almost certainly be obtained next summer. German resources can hardly be equal to supplying men and materials to treble their output of planes and fliers, and unless they do they will have to fight under a terrific disadvantage. Not only will they be deprived of their ability to observe their enemies but they can be fearfully harassed by small armies of flying scouts which will be constantly threatening bases and their supplies. Aeroplanes in sufficient numbers may be made as costly to the German army as submarines are to the British mercantile marine.

ILLUMINATING evidence of the extent to which purely financial considerations may be subordinated to other motives under the stress of a patriotic crisis is afforded by the success of the Liberty Loan. A tax-exempt loan bearing so low a rate as three and one-half per cent could offer few attractions to the investor of moderate means. Perfectly secure investments yielding four per cent and more are available on the market, and such investments are superior in yield to the Liberty Loan for everyone whose direct taxes, federal, state and local, do not exceed twelve and one-half per cent of his income. Scarcely any income under ten thousand dollars pays so high a tax as twelve and one-half per cent. The recipient of a very large income, who will almost certainly be compelled to pay federal taxes alone of twenty-five per cent or more, would find in Liberty bonds an investment greatly superior in productivity to ordinary taxable securities. Yet there has been little evidence of the unloading of large blocks of taxable securities and investment in Liberty bonds on the part of the very rich. Half the loan, it is stated, has been subscribed in small lots, presumably by persons who have incurred a net sacrifice of income by subscribing. It is to be hoped that further bond issues will be devoid of the tax-exemption feature and yield a rate of return that will offer the small investor advantages equivalent to those enjoyed by the large investor under the present loan. The small investor has already displayed his patriotism: let us not needlessly exploit it.

NOW that the United States is in the war it would no doubt be physically possible to apply increased pressure to Holland and Scandinavia to check the leakage of food into Germany. It is possible that the President, in availing himself of his power to place an embargo upon food exports, may contemplate such additional pressure. It is, of course, desirable to limit the supplying of Germany through the neutrals so far as practicable. But it is not clear that we can go much farther in this direction than the British have already gone. It is a national necessity for those countries to secure certain supplies from Germany, and Germany naturally demands a quid pro quo, chiefly in the shape of food products. It is equally a national necessity for Holland and Scandinavia to secure supplies from over seas, and this has meant by the consent of Great Britain. Thus both parties to the European conflict have been in a position to apply pressure to these un-

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happy neutrals, who may be conceived of as living under an equilibrium of overpowering forces. If we and our Allies put on more pressure, Germany will do likewise. In the final outcome matters will stand much as formerly, as between Germany and her enemies, while the condition of the neutrals will have become increasingly difficult.

THE controversy over the price of steel for the shipbuilding program involves some extremely tangled questions of economic policy. Steel plates at ninety-five dollars a ton are no doubt dear from the point of view of cost. The steel producers would make large profits out of the government if such figures were accepted. At the same time it must be borne in mind that private ship builders, here and abroad, are paying more than ninety-five dollars. They are glad to get the steel at any price. If the steel producers are making too much money out of the government, they are also making too much money out of the private ship builders. But they are securing equivalent profits from orders for cars, rails, structural shapes, machinery and what not. And we need some of these things almost as badly as ships. It seems clear that we shall soon be compelled to work out a consistent policy for the determination of the price of everything that directly or indirectly serves what may properly be defined as a national need. Cost plus a fair profit may be a reasonable basis for shipbuilding materials. But if the principle is applied in this instance to the steel industry, it ought to be applied much more generally.

ANY ambitious governor who wishes to make a war record will doubtless learn much from the mistakes of New York, but one combination of stupidities should engage his attention just now. The clumsy state census is vague on most things, but on one point it is definite—it informs every man between 18 and 45 that he is enrolled as a possible member of the National Guard. Now everybody knows that the National Guard, on account of its use in strikes, has accumulated a vast amount of ill-will on the part of labor. Add to this fact the present voluntary activities of a National Guard regiment in policing New York's East Side, and the fuse is laid. Police duty in a population like that of the East Side is a highly specialized occupation, requiring tact and training. The activities of the National Guardsmen in breaking up meetings and making indiscriminate arrests have caused them to be rebuked by a magistrate, and nine-tenths of their prisoners have been discharged. But not before anarchists took advantage of the situation by leading a parade of women in protest which ended in a riot in front of the City Hall.

The Fighting Hope

UNLESS current signs deceive, Washington is dissatisfied with the way in which American public opinion is behaving towards the war. It discerns disquieting signs of apathy. Correspondents very close to the administration have testified to the disquiet. Before the President's Flag Day speech was delivered, they explained the coming pronouncement as an attempt on Mr. Wilson's part to infuse into the country a more warlike state of mind. It was intended to fasten the attention of the nation on a vigorous prosecution of the war, on the reality and danger of German enmity, and on the necessity of fighting on imperturbably until Germany is thoroughly beaten.

If Washington is disquieted at the apathetic attitude of public opinion there must be good reason for the disquiet. Washington is in a position to know. The question is whether such a speech as the President delivered on Flag Day is likely to overcome it and infuse into the nation a bellicose and conquering spirit. In this speech Mr. Wilson emphasized American grievance against Germany and the danger to the whole world of a Middle Europe which would form part of the German economic and military system. He characterized people who, like the Socialists, wish to discuss terms of peace while the German military power is still unbroken, as either the deliberate perpetrators of a pro-German intrigue or as its unworthy accomplices, and he ended with an impassioned vindication of the righteousness of the American cause. Thus, like the note to Russia, the Flag Day speech was essentially a fighting utterance. Until Germany admits defeat, America's business is to make war. We are not to bother about the controlling political purposes. They have been sufficiently defined. Their fulfilment will ensue after the fighting is over as the apparently inevitable result of victory.

Newspapers have not been slow to remark in the Flag Day speech a new emphasis towards America's part in the war. Certain of them have been pleased by the change. The New York Tribune, for instance, which in the past has not been prejudiced in Mr. Wilson's favor, and which has had no patience with him for attaching so much importance to the organization of a peace league, highly approves of the newer emphasis. There was, it says, "too much transcendentalism in previous explanations," too much insistence on the "altruistic aspects of the war." In the Flag Day speech he abandoned his misleading "abstractions" and asked the American people to fight Germany on the ground chiefly that they feared her and had good reason to fear her. If he will

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only continue to inculcate fear of Germany, if he will only fasten the mind of the country upon the importance of achieving victory as the only way of allaying the German terror, he will be dosing public opinion with the specific antidote to apathy.

We do not agree with the advice offered by The Tribune to Mr. Wilson. The hesitation which the American people may feel about the war will never be removed by the inculcation of fear. No doubt in the case of most wars the psychology of the fighting nations is dominated by fear. If Americans were more afraid of Germany, there would be less apathy. They undoubtedly need to fear the designs and the power of the German ruling class more than they do, and one indispensable phase of war propaganda in this country should be the systematic attempt to make the American people understand why German imperial ambitions are dangerous to their safety and why resistance must be continued until these ambitions are frustrated or abandoned. But no amount of propaganda will avail to possess the American national consciousness with a fear of Germany so overwhelming that they will be absorbed and satisfied with the job of fighting the war and beating their enemy. Some such exclusive emotion might be created, in case the German government could or would offend Americans by dispatching submarines, aeroplanes and Zeppelins across the Atlantic, but that is precisely what at least for the present it refuses to do. In the absence of aggressive military tactics on the part of Germany, the administration can indoctrinate the American people with reasons to be afraid of Germany, but it cannot put fear into their hearts. Yet if fear cannot be put into their hearts, the government cannot depend on a defense psychology to keep them vigorously interested in the war. They cannot be induced to concentrate their whole attention upon the job of achieving military victory.

The state of mind of the American people will alter later in the year, when they begin to pay the price of the war in personal sacrifices, in suffering and in blood as well as in money. But suffering will not make them fearful and revengeful. They did not enter this war under the influence of anger, and it is not by cultivating fear and anger that their interest in their grim task can be sustained and renewed. Their hesitation and reluctance to interfere in what most of them took to be a European quarrel was finally overcome, because their chosen leader won their allegiance by emphasizing a great hope rather than a great fear. He persuaded them to hope that by entering this war they could help to make similar wars in the future less probable, that they might succeed even in putting an end to war. He asked them to fight, because the insecurity with which they were threatened by the German submarine campaign could be exorcised only by the organization with the help of the United States of a general security league of nations. It is this hope which lies at the very core of American national morale in relation to the war. Its proclamation by the President disarmed or disconcerted the bitterest opponents of war, and secured for him the support of the national conscience.

Not for one moment do we suspect the President of attaching less importance to this hope in June than he did in April. But under the stress of war he is emphasizing fear rather than hope and he is not sufficiently acting on the hope. If the change of emphasis continues, American public opinion will soon be convinced of a change also in policy. The new emphasis is disconcerting not because it has been infected with a more martial spirit; it is disconcerting because the more aggressive military policy, necessarily based on fear, has not been accompanied by a diplomatic policy based upon hope. The time has passed, as Mr. Wilson himself feels, when the hope embodied in the League of Nations can be made real by reiterating undying allegiance to a splendid principle. The Tribune is quite right in being willing to economize during the remainder of the war in the use of "abstractions." But the way in which a concrete value can be attached to the hope associated with the President's abstract principles is not to crowd it out with fear, but to seek by public diplomacy to put the principles into practice. If the attempt to realize the great hope is postponed until the end of the war, it may fail. Success will not result automatically from victory and it may not result from victory at all unless much is done during the war to prepare the way.

Mr. Wilson's recent diplomacy is criticized by many of his warmest friends, because it has afforded no clear and sufficient indications of such preparation. A peace league is not essentially a mere mechanism of international control which can be imposed on a group of states whose political purposes are not modified to meet the new demand. Before it can be brought into existence Germany must be curbed, but the curbing of Germany is not enough. The members of the anti-German alliance must show some eagerness to readjust their own behavior according to the needs of a community of nations. This, with the exception of Russia, they have not done. Many Americans anticipated that the entrance of the United States into the war would provide the excuse for such a readjustment, in which of course the American government would share. But no other European government has talked or acted as if anything in its own behavior and policy might be

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an impediment to permanent peace organization, except under Russian pressure; and our own government has not at least on the surface pressed them to begin at once the organization of a peace league which would be more than an anti-German combination. On the contrary, when the Russians insisted on a revision of all agreements whose terms could be interpreted as imperialistic, they were lectured rather than encouraged by the Washington government. There has not been since our declaration of war a single diplomatic act of the administration which helped an American to feel that in entering the war his country had contributed anything to the strength of the Allies except a certain additional volume of physical force and one or two memorable phrases.

In so far as there is any hesitation or apathy in the prevailing popular state of mind about the war it will not, consequently, be remedied merely by the inculcation of fear. Under the circumstances it would be unnatural for the American nation to become as bellicose in temper and as absorbed in fighting for its own sake as are most of the nations of Europe. But the American people can be induced to fight on with stubborn determination until Germany is beaten provided the conduct and the diplomacy of the war satisfies their scruples on one point. They must be convinced that under the cover of beating Germany they are not being asked to fight for doubtful political purposes. They would like to feel that in abandoning their cherished isolation they performed an act which had the result rather of assuaging European conflicts than of prolonging and intensifying them. They are not impatient for immediate results. There is no general demand for the exercise of premature and inconsiderate pressure on the western Allies. Indeed the American government cannot exercise any pressure at all either on its friends or enemies, unless it proves its willingness and ability to fight. But American opinion is asking under existing circumstances for something more than verbal assurances. When an opportunity is presented for the democratic diplomacy of a competitive definition of terms, as it was by the Russian government, Americans do not like their own government to adopt an unsympathetic and second-rate attitude. They do not like to be informed by their own State Department that in a war dedicated to democracy the public discussion of peace terms is considered contrary to public interest. Finally and above all they do not like to watch their President, in the midst of a war intended to promote the pacification of the world, condemn those who seek in good faith to discuss peace as either traitors to their country or as the accomplices of its enemies.

Bull in the China Shop

JAPAN, it seems, was not pleased with the recent American note to China, in which our State Department suggested that rival factions compose their differences and coöperate in the establishment of a stable government. Japan considered that she should have been consulted prior to the despatch of such a communication. Great Britain and France, moreover, were apparently not altogether in accord with the recent American action. Washington is inclined to be surprised and grieved that its motives should be questioned, and to regard Japan's attitude as but another evidence of the determination of the Island Empire to dominate China and to threaten the "Open Door." If Japan does cherish these malevolent designs, she should be grateful to the American diplomacy which has again given her a grievance. To the diplomat a little grievance is a useful thing. With it he may ask for explanations, sometimes embarrassing, and by pressing it he may forestall situations much more inimical than the one of which he complains. The history of American dealings with the Chinese problem is replete with instances of this character. The proposals for the "neutralization of railroads in Manchuria" were put forward in a manner which gave Russia and Japan an excuse for consolidating their interests in that region in order that they might meet an "American threat." The abrupt dismissal of the American banking group, and the condemnation of the policy which had been developed through years of difficult negotiation with the Powers most vitally interested in the Orient, afforded these Powers an excuse for excluding Americans from their councils. More recently, the encouragement given Chicago bankers who loaned funds against security already pledged to other interests, and who were unwittingly partners to China's violation of her agreements with the international group of bankers, aroused opposition and resentment which would have been serious had all Europe not been in the throes of war.

Through it all the American government has been sincerely friendly to China. Our traditional policy has been one of amity and goodwill. But while our intention to maintain the Open Door has been admirable, in execution many of our plans have not been well conceived. Living in a glass house ourselves, we have, nevertheless, attempted to throw stones. We have too frequently lost a just perspective of events in the Orient because we have believed too fully in the assurances of those with whom the wish for China's renaissance was father to the thought that it had been brought to pass. We have insisted that the world respect the Mon-

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roe Doctrine. We have asked that Europe and Japan give us a free hand in Mexico, and claimed the right to interfere across the border when chaos threatened our own security. The President has stated that we have had no thought of conquest in Mexico. We believe him, and have expected others to do likewise. Japanese statesmen also have asserted that they desire no unfair advantage in China. The Chinese do not believe them. We may not. But Japan may readily ask why then should she believe Mr. Wilson, and why, if she be asked to accept our contentions, America should not take Japan's declarations as to the Open Door at their face value.

As a matter of fact, the commonly accepted conception of the Open Door seems to have been that proper respect therefor should enable Americans or others to do what they pleased in spheres in which some power claimed a special interest. The fact that such power might welcome American coöperation or even American leadership in such a region, was regarded with suspicion, and our coöperation, if effected, deemed tantamount to a recognition of the criticized claim. Of this the Chinese have been quick to take advantage. They have endeavored consistently to involve American interests in a conflict with the British in the Yangtze Valley, with the French in South China, with the Japanese in Shantung, and with the Japanese and Russians in Manchuria and Mongolia These attempts have not been unnatural or reprehensible. But they have been shortsighted. China has been, and is, weak and disorganized. In the last ten years great strides have been made in certain directions. But since the Revolution her government has been stable only when the power of the rival factions was effectively balanced. Chinese diplomacy, therefore, in recent years as in the past, has attempted to create friction between foreign Powers in the hope that China herself might retain a whole skin while her oppressors fought amongst themselves. The resultant of these rival forces has been comparative immunity for China. In the meantime, however, China has been unable, because of this international jealousy, to develop her resources and create the avenues of communication through which alone she can become, if ever, a united country. The policy of maintaining a balance has been sound, but it should have been a balance obtained by international coöperation rather than that produced by international jealousy. More than that, this cooperation must be practical and constructive. There must be coöperation in railway building, in reorganizing Chinese finances, not merely pleasant diplomatic exchanges. It is international coöperation of this sort which should form the basis for American policy in the Far East from now on.

The President, before the break with Germany, gave to the world the hope of a better international organization. Such organization would do more for China than for almost any other nation. By the creation of a world league her future may be safeguarded and her development as an independent state assured. A China thus protected and guaranteed may or may not negative Japan's imperial dreams. If it does, and if this conflict leads to no controversy between the United States and Japan, we can attribute the maintenance of peace largely to two things, our participation in the present war, and Japan's loss of the support of an autocratic Russia. With the United States associated with the Allies, Japan among them, and with our naval building program and the selective draft, American assistance to China may become of practical value if our diplomacy be governed by wisdom, and not merely by good intentions. If our desire to aid China be not acceptable to Japan, it becomes all the more essential that our dealings both with Japan and the other Allies should be frank and open to no charges that we are disregarding any legitimate interest to which they may feel themselves entitled. China's future depends upon close and friendly coöperation between the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan; and to ignore those Powers or any one of them, unintentionally or otherwise, will be to incur the resentment of all, and will seriously hamper our well meant endeavors to assist the Chinese to their own salvation.

Bad Impressions

CHINA created a bad impression upon her friends in the western world when she permitted personal ambitions and factional intransigeance to involve her in a state bordering on anarchy. The United States created a bad impression upon Japan in counselling the Chinese to moderation and common sense. Japan created a bad impression upon the United States by raising a tempest over the proffer of good advice to China without consultation with Japan. The Entente Allies, by their wringing of hands over the raising of the question of Japanese paramountcy in China at this critical time, must be creating a dreadful impression upon Russia. It is intimated that Japan must be kept contented, because she is expected to keep Russia in line, perhaps by manipulation of her supplies and munitions, perhaps by more drastic action. How is the Russian democracy likely to react toward hints that the Allies are relying upon any other influence upon Russian policy than Russian good will

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and the common interest in establishing peace with justice?

It will no doubt be agreed by men of diplomatic habit of mind that Mr. Lansing made a mistake in dispatching his note to China. He must have been aware of the growing determination of the Japanese to establish their paramountcy in China. He must also have been aware of the fact that with Russia apparently wavering, the Japanese regard themselves as more than ever indispensable to Allied success. He must have realized that influential parties in Japan were eagerly on the watch for an opportunity to proclaim the advance of Japanese designs upon China. He furnished the opportunity. He can hardly take it amiss if the adepts charge him with a quality of diplomacy that falls short of the conventional requirements.

But conventional diplomacy is chiefly useful to cover up the realities of an international situation. Mr. Lansing's diplomacy has the unintentional virtue of illuminating those realities, and this is what we need at the present moment. How does it come that an innocuous note to a friendly nation should have stirred up such a writhing nest of bad impressions? At bottom the aim of the Allied enterprise is still ambiguous and the nature of the coming peace is still undetermined. Our diplomacy is based upon one expectation of peace, while that of some of our Allies is based upon another. It is time that we proceeded to work out an agreement.

Either the peace will be established upon the guaranty of a permanent international organization, or we shall return to what amounts internationally to a status quo ante, whether Germany is beaten or not. If peace is to be guaranteed by international organization, there is no room for the establishment of new paramountcies, like that claimed by Japan in China, nor in the long run for the maintenance of old paramountcies like that said to be claimed by the United States on the American continents. Under a permanent peace organization we should not need to fear that other Powers would attempt to reduce independent American nations to the state of colonies. Nor would Japan need to fear that China would be divided up and held against her by the Western Powers. The peaceful and orderly development of China as an independent state would offer tremendous economic advantages to Japan. It could not in any way injure Japan politically.

But if we are to return to the international status quo ante, with each nation relying for its defense upon armaments and strategic frontiers, and each nation striving to extend its imperialistic interests as widely as possible, Japan is pursuing an enlightened if selfish policy in claiming paramountcy in China, and even in asserting a vested interest in Chinese civil disorder. Decades are likely to elapse before China can establish a perfectly stable government. Revolutions are almost sure to occur, and foreign interests are certain to suffer. If the world remains imperialistic in its tendencies, the natural outcome will be the imposition of foreign control. Now, if any foreign state needs to hold imperial power over China, that state is Japan. Western Powers might find opportunities for profit in Chinese spheres of influence. China means vastly more to Japan than opportunity for profit. Japan's security as a nation would be seriously menaced if a group of potentially hostile Powers were firmly planted behind her on the Asiatic mainland.

If we are looking forward to an era of organized peace, we do right in insisting upon the integrity of China and in refusing to recognize any degree of paramountcy on the part of Japan. If we are looking forward merely to a redistribution of imperialistic power, we ought to recognize Japanese claims upon China as valid.

As a nation we did not enter this war for the sake of continuing the old order of imperialism under new auspices. Our interest in the war is derived from our interest in peace. If our allies have other ends in view than the establishment of peace upon a solid basis of justice and order, we ought to know it at once. Mr. Lansing's note to China and its results will aid in enlightening us.

"Italia Irredenta"

NOT many hours passed after the publication of President Wilson's note to Russia before a Rome dispatch announced the hearty approval of the Italian government, coupled with the statement that Mr. Wilson's principles as a matter of course justified Italy's objects in the war. These objects have been variously announced by various official and unofficial organs, but the territory claimed by Italy is universally understood to be the Trentino, and a strip of the eastern Adriatic coast, including Trieste near its northern extremity and stretching southeastward through Dalmatia. On what basis do Italy's claims rest?

The Trentino is a wedge of Austria extending into Italy from the mountainous northeast. It includes the city of Trent, is populated largely by people of Italian race, and has no seacoast. There is no reason why it should not be united with Italy, if a settlement on the basis of nationality is to be reached, although it contains a small German minority.

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The first unit of Austrian territory on the Adriatic seacoast demanded by the Italians is that part of Istria bordering Italy near the Isonzo, and containing Trieste. The western half of Istria belonged to Venice until 1797 and passed definitely to Austria in 1814. Trieste itself is Austria's only considerable seaport and has been under Hapsburg rule since 1382. The whole unit containing Trieste is inhabited principally by Slovenes, a branch of the Slavonic family which has been on the whole well treated by Austria, and has no national tradition of its own. Laibach and Gottschee, two of the principal towns, are German in race. Trieste, a city of about 230,000, contains inhabitants 75 per cent of whom are of Italian descent, 18 per cent Slovene, and 5 per cent German. Racially, therefore, the issue is much complicated. If Trieste could go by itself, the Italian interest would predominate. But it is essentially united with its hinterland of Slavs, which in turn contains German minorities.

Economically, the case of the Italians is far worse. Trieste is connected by railroad with northwestern Austria, with Vienna, and with southeastern Europe. The raw production of the southeast, the manufactures of the Austrian northwest, and the sea traffic up the Adriatic are complementary to each other, and will continue to be so, no matter how the war is settled. But there is absolutely no economic connection between Trieste and Italy. Italy has plenty of seaports of her own; and her control of Trieste would serve only to interfere with the trade of her eastern competitors. Even if the exclusion of this port from the Italian tariff wall were guaranteeed, Italy could hardly fail, unconsciously or by design, to use her political control in such a way as to deflect Triestine trade in her own interest.

On the whole, Italy has little better historical claim to Istria than Germany had to Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, and a less valid economic claim to the port of Trieste than Canada might have to Boston.

As we go down the coast, Italy's asserted right becomes more shadowy. The next territorial unit, containing the port of Fiume, belongs to Hungary, having been turned over to the Magyars by Austria in 1866. It was the property of the Hapsburgs since 1527, and before that was not owned by Italy. It is inhabited principally by the Croatians, who are of the South Slav race, though Catholic in religion. They were well treated by Austria, and were satisfied under her, but have been subject to economic injustices under the Magyars. Croatia might be made independent, it might be united to the Southern Slavs, but Italy has no legitimate claim upon it except that founded on a small minority of Italians in some of the coast towns.

Dalmatia, adjoining Croatia on the south, is a long, narrow strip of territory separating Bosnia, Montenegro and Serbia from the sea. Italy's claim is founded on the fact that it once belonged to the Venetian Republic, from which it was separated by Napoleon in 1814. It is purely Slavic in race, and the Venetian régime has left nothing but a memory. Italy might as well assert a right to a part of France on the basis of ownership by the Roman Empire. To give Dalmatia to Italy would be a gross injustice to the Slavs of all southeastern Europe.

Italy is, without doubt, entitled to the Trentino. But her ambition to convert the Adriatic into an Italian lake by annexing a strip of territory along its eastern border is prompted only in part by sincere desire for racial unity. It is sustained also by fear of Austrian sea power, by an imperialistic reflection of ancient glories, and by short-sighted commercial cupidity. No project of any belligerent in the war is less justified on a theory which has in view the future peace of the world. A prosperous Italian minority which has remained peaceably under Austria since 1382 is not likely to cause much trouble now. On the other hand, the Italian project would cut off not only the peoples of Austria and Hungary, but also the Balkan races from their legitimate outlets to the sea, and would tend to unite Central Europe with the Slavs against Italy. It would be founded on no unclouded racial, national, or economic right.

It is disquieting that Rome should be able to couple such doubtful demands with Mr. Wilson's note to Russia. The Italian declaration, followed by no disavowal from Washington, gives color to the Russian charge that the President's excellent generalities are being used as a cover for imperialistic designs wherever imperialists dominate. Such an incident illustrates with great clearness the fact that what the Allies need now is not so much to enunciate principles and formulas as to avoid "soft concealments" and to examine rigorously their private understandings with a view to the sound establishment of future peace on the basis of reality. It is possible to talk too easily of freeing subject peoples, without understanding what stubborn and complex factors are involved in the problems of nationality—as Ireland should have taught us. Such problems cannot be solved merely by high resolutions and smashing victories; they require fully informed, disinterested study, and intricate negotiations. It is reported from Washington that Italy has climbed on a high horse and demanded that Russia be forced to state her intentions about the war. Is this attitude a symptom of

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a fear that previous engagements made between Italy and the other Allies will not bear the kind of scrutiny Russia wishes to give them?

New Weapons of Trade Warfare

IF we were certain to win the war, and having won it to employ our victory not for the particular benefit of the several partners to the alliance against Germany, but for the common benefit of all nations, speculation upon the future of trade warfare would be futile. There could only be sporadic and transitory attempts on the part of any nation to wreak injury through commercial arrangements upon other nations living with it on terms of permanent peace. We expect to win the war. But we can not predict with what wisdom we shall employ our victory. Once Germany is beaten, the alliance to which we are a partner may form a permanent organization to insure safety and justice, or it may fall apart leaving to each Power the obligation to protect its own peace and prosperity by such means as it can devise. In the latter event, trade war is all but inevitable.

And if we are to have an epoch of trade warfare, we may be quite certain that it will be conducted ruthlessly, with a whole arsenal of new weapons that compare with the old weapons of differential duties and subsidized exports as the armor piercing shells and the heavy field guns of to-day compare with the leaden balls and chain shot of early nineteenth century warfare. Much of the mechanism of trade war remains to be invented. But there are trading policies already in effect and other policies in the stage of detailed specifications that afford a clue to what may happen in the commercial field if we lose the war or if, while winning it, we fail to establish world peace.

First importance should perhaps be accorded to the export monopoly. The most familiar instance of a successful export monopoly is the coffee valorization scheme operated by the Brazilian states, by means of which the world is compelled to pay for coffee prices decidedly higher than would prevail under conditions of competition among producers. A still more brilliant success has been attained by the Mexican government in its sisal monopoly. The American grain growers are compelled by this monopoly to contribute millions of dollars annually to the Mexican public treasury and the Mexican sisal growers. Even before the war German economists gave the closest study to the Brazilian experiment. Some of the most prominent authorities argued that the international trade of the future would be organized upon this plan. The monopoly principle, however obnoxious in domestic trading relations, should, they suggested, be accorded free sway in foreign trading relations, since it could be made to draw wealth away from foreign states and into the monopolizing country. Assuming an identity between foreign states and enemy states, the logic is sound.

Such export monopolies as coffee and sisal afford a means of extorting a profit from the foreigner. They constitute an international tax. But export monopolies may be employed not only to tax but to destroy. Suppose that we had an industry absolutely dependent for its raw material upon German sources. Germany might fix high prices, thus taxing our industry, or she might withhold supplies altogether and destroy it. Fortunately, Germany does not control the chief supplies of many raw materials. She does, however, control the cheapest and best supplies of potash salts, and means to manipulate exports in such a way as to bring all possible pressure to bear upon states whose agriculture is dependent upon this material. Germany has the nearest available coal supply for Scandinavia, Switzerland and vast sections of Russian territory and through an export monopoly can curb the industrial development of those states in no small degree unless it is made worth her while to refrain. Other countries, to be sure, can play the game of export monopolies as well as Germany. We could bring pressure upon most industrial states through manipulation of cotton and copper; England, France and Russia have each important materials subject to control. If the world were to go over to a ruthless war of export monopolies it would take time to determine what Power would come off worsted. But one thing is certain: the lot of the lesser nations would be hard. Countries like Belgium, the Scandinavian states, Switzerland and Greece would be subject to a remorseless tugging and hauling from every side.

The war has indicated some of the benefits that may accrue through national control of importation. The public or quasi-public concerns that have been formed in the neutral countries to control the destination of imports that might otherwise be transshipped to belligerents have introduced certain incidental economies in purchase and distribution of goods. What is more important, they have fixed public attention upon the national interest in importation. In the period of rehabilitation after the war it would not be surprising if most European states established public agencies to handle the vital business of securing the importation of adequate supplies of the necessaries of life. Such agencies might easily become potent instruments of commercial policy. By controlling a vast volume of demand, they would place the disorganized multitude

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of exporters at a serious disadvantage. We know how helpless our tobacco producers have found themselves in dealing with the agents of foreign tobacco monopolies. The producers of cereals and meat, of wool and cotton, may find themselves in similar case. Here, too, control may be used for purposes of extorting a revenue from foreign lands through an artificial depression of prices, or it may be used for purposes of destruction. Danish dairy products, for example, must go either to England or to Germany. Suppose that both countries pursued the policy of import monopolies, each could bring pressure to bear upon Denmark to force commercial concessions in other directions. Denmark would have to yield to the stronger, or see one of her most important industries destroyed. As in the case of export monopolies we are dealing with a weapon that any great Power can employ. We can not foretell what Power would gain most, or suffer least. But we may be quite sure that the states that do not rank as Powers would suffer severely from the system.

The employment of such complicated weapons of commercial policy as export and import monopolies, it may be urged, transcends the competence of officialdom, and therefore can not be realized in practice. But this is to ignore one of the most important political results of the war, namely, the enlistment of business men and the adoption of business, not bureaucratic methods, in handling economic problems. Given free rein, a trust would quickly organize a force that could manage the buying of all the rubber or leather or wool that the United States needs. Under pressure of war most governments have learned how to adapt the trust technique to their purposes.

Export and import monopolies are quite feasible as a matter of administration. They can be employed to win a revenue for the countries organizing them, to wreak injury upon rival countries and to impose conditions of dependence upon the lesser states. Judged from the point of view of world economy, they are pernicious. But nothing can properly be judged from the point of view of world economy except upon a premise of world peace. Unless the statesmanship of to-day is equal to a satisfactory solution of the problem of war, the several Powers will be driven to the employment of the most efficacious available weapons of commercial offense. These weapons may be expected to work injury to all, but to some more than to others, and most of all to the weak and inoffensive states. Such states must be endangered in their integrity by commercial war, just as they are endangered by armed conflicts of the great Powers. For them the alternative is world peace or downfall.

Waiting for Congress

OF all those concerned in the problem of feeding our allies and ourselves only the farmers and the women seem to be doing the really practical things. The producers are responding to the general demand for more food. Increased acreages planted to wheat are reported from all the great grain-producing areas. The market gardens of the South are blanketed with quick grown spinach and kale and lettuce, and every sort of green vegetable is already crowding into the city markets. The food is actually being produced.

A similar response is coming from the city women who for many months have been facing the harassment of a chaotic distributive system, rising prices, the absence of accustomed foods, the constant newspaper clamor for thrift, and who with the coming of summer, which they looked for to ease the situation, find themselves under increasing pressure. They do not see the situation as one that can wait indefinitely for legislative action. Theirs is the housewife's insistent problem of three meals a day. They have waited for congressional leadership in vain and now they have gone to work on their own part of the problem—the wise use and conservation of food after it reaches the retail dealer.

In New York, where the difficulty of provisioning a vast industrial population makes the situation particularly acute, the women have organized the city into forty-six districts under the supervision of a central committee representing the School Board, the Mayor's standing Committee on Foods and Markets, and the local Women's Committee on National Defense. Each of these districts has its own peculiar problems determined by race needs and prejudices, market, transportation and occupational conditions.

There are the widely divergent problems of reducing waste and overconsumption in the homes of the wealthy and of making more food available in the homes of the wage earners. Every district has a central office established in some place, preferably a school house, where there are facilities for cooking. The chief work in each district is done by the district itself; the women's clubs, the local health boards, the labor organizations, the churches, are binding themselves together in any sort of voluntary fashion that suits them best. Through a house-to-house canvas, they are determining not only their own exact food needs, but their precise food duties as well. Each central office has a culinary expert to work out methods of meeting the specialized needs of the people in the district. This expert is expected to know what substitutes can be used for foods that

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have been driven out of the market to demonstrate methods of preparing them, and if necessary to put them on sale. Take for instance the imported Italian cheeses which are a chief reliance of the quarter-million Italian housewives. The war has made it practically impossible to get these cheeses, and though there is more than three times as much American cheese on the market as there was at this time last year, the Italian women have not learned how to use it. This is one of the things that the cooking expert of their district will teach them. And it will be the work of the expert in the well-to-do neighborhoods to impress on all women the obligation of superior intelligence and greater experience to use substitutes when there is a shortage of such staples as potatoes and onions, so that instead of innocently cornering the market as they did last winter because they were able to pay the price they will leave them for those who do not know how to do without, and food riots will be prevented, not by the police, but by the food selection of the prosperous housekeepers.

But the problem of food conservation, even as the women control it, is not one of the household alone. Between the retailer and the consumer there are normally many wastes whose elimination has become imperative. The machinery has been created to post in the central office lists of food arriving in the city each day, to publish wholesale and retail prices, to buy up and preserve the daily surplus of perishables, and if necessary to open public markets and operate public kitchens.

This form of organization the women are extending throughout the cities of the state so as to make the coöperation between the farmers and the housewives as close as the law will permit. For while the women and the farmers can control the two ends of the problem, all the operations between producing and retailing, particularly those which come under interstate jurisdiction, are beyond their control. The great kingdom of the middleman is still unorganized territory. In it enormous wastes are taking place. Food mysteriously multiplies its own price, is dumped at the railroad sidings, deteriorates and is condemned by boards of health. While hens lay, speculators garner the fruits of their industry; they contract for the prospective potato crop of the continent; and reserve place in cold storage for apples still in the blossom. Yet it is folly to assume that the middleman is purely a parasite or a criminal and threaten him unceasingly with investigations, exposure and punishment. He is indispensable to the distribution of food. He has built up a technique which we cannot afford to paralyze or destroy. He is probably as much of a patriot as the rest of us and may be counted on to give generously of his services as soon as Congress tells him what he is expected to do. But while "oats, peas, beans and barley grows," the House and Senate toss the Lever bill back and forth, leaving the middleman and Mr. Hoover up in the air.

It is a wise President who has told Mr. Hoover to go ahead, Congress or no Congress, and attempt to formulate a food conservation policy for the nation. The President knows, what Congress seems blind to, that vegetables and fruits grow when they will and ripen when they must, without waiting for permissive acts of legislative bodies. Mr. Hoover has begun by renewing his appeal to the women to save food because "food will decide the war." He will, no doubt, renew his appeal to the farmers and do what he can to organize the middlemen in support of his program of thrift. Thousands will respond because of their deep understanding of the nation's need. But there will be other thousands who through ignorance, lethargy or selfishness will fail to take either the food crisis or Mr. Hoover seriously so long as Congress merely debates and withholds from the President and Mr. Hoover essential administrative power. To attribute autocratic designs to public servants whose tenure of office is subject to public control, as Senator Reed did last week, is cheap politics of the most dangerous sort. If Congress is unwilling to trust Mr. Hoover as the head of a separate department of food administration, it should authorize the creation of a Food Board under the Council of National Defense. The public demand for Mr. Hoover is clear and insistent. Continued delay on the part of Congress will breed a state of irreparable demoralization. The farmers, the housewives and the middlemen are waiting for Congress to give them a definite program and competent leadership.

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The Russian Peace Formula

IT is a delusion to imagine that any formula will bring peace to this distracted planet. "No annexations: no indemnities" comes hardly nearer to performing this magical service than the earlier efforts, official and unofficial. There is, none the less, clear and honest thinking behind the phrase which the Russian Revolution has coined. The misunderstanding which clouds it among all Russia's allies is eminently natural, but it would have disappeared at once, if the articles in which Kerensky's newspaper explained it had been available some weeks ago. The last thing which the Russians intend is a weary return to the frontiers which confined Europe before the war. "Back to 1914" was an excusable misunderstanding, but it was never what Russia proposed. The Workers' Gazette has given to both the terms of the formula a perfectly definite constructive rendering. Its plan for the restoration of the devastated districts is that a fund of about 25 milliards of francs should be constituted by all the belligerents. Each is to contribute in proportion to its war expenditure, and the fund is to be distributed in proportion to the assessed damage. The Russians are well aware that the devastation has not been all on one side. Belgium and Northern France have suffered gross wrong, but the Russian invaders also left their mark on East Prussia and Galicia, while Poland was gutted on the precedent of 1812 by the retiring armies of the Grand Duke Nicholas. This plan reflects the characteristic Russian attitude towards wrong-doing. It feels pity and concern for the victim, and it will repair his losses, but it cares very little to impose punishments on the offender. Russians know too much about punishment. It is a commonplace among critics of Russian literature that it is penetrated by a primitive Christian charity and tolerance. It believes what the rest of us repeat, that we are all miserable sinners, and in this instance the reluctance of Russians to stamp the enemy as the only author of the calamities of Europe, is emphasized by their belief that the late autocracy had some share in preparing the ruin which has broken over Europe. This plan will disappoint those who look for a penal settlement flattering to the legal instinct, but it promises to repair the losses of the suffering populations as fully as money can repair them.

What the Russians mean by "no annexations" is no less definite. They mean, above all, no negative territorial changes which reflect nothing but the dictates of successful force. After themselves renouncing their allotted share, Constantinople, in the partition of Turkey, they do not propose to fight on in order to assist the other allies to acquire their portions. There are several reasons for this attitude of theirs. In the first place they have to cope with the moral reluctance of their own armies to continue the war. If it must go on because the enemy will not agree to an early peace on the basis of popular consent, if Europe must still be delivered from the menace of a Junker peace, the Russian soldier and even the Russian peasant will respond to Kerensky's heroic call to duty. But even Kerensky will fail, if the Allies leave their ends so vague that Maxim Gorky (to say nothing of Lenine) can argue plausibly that the war is doomed to continue for the satisfaction of British, Italian and French imperialism. It must not be supposed that the Russian Socialists are children in these matters. They are, in point of fact, far better informed on foreign questions than any other European workers' party. Their Socialist groups, even on the extreme wing, include a much larger number of educated men than ours. Nearly all these leaders and thousands of the rank and file have at some time lived as exiles abroad. Thousands more have studied at Swiss or German universities. These men are linguists and cosmopolitans as French and British Socialists rarely are. Even before the Revolution, the Russian censorship allowed surprisingly frank disclosures as to the aims of the Allies in Turkey, and on the Adriatic coast. Since the Revolution all these projects have been discussed in the Russian popular press as fully and plainly as our press discussed the dearth of potatoes. Not one Englishman in ten thousand realizes that Italy claims the whole region of Smyrna, as well as the Slav coast of the Adriatic. Every Russian who can read at all knows it, while even the illiterates sit around in rings and listen to the leading articles of the uncensored Socialist papers. Apart from any moral reprobation for such plans of conquest, Russians resent the idea that their lives should be distracted even by one unnecessary week of this war. This is no new mood. I have heard an able Scotsman, domiciled for thirty years in Russia, who had traveled on business from one end of the country to the other during the war, declare that hardly anyone, even among officers and professional men, ever had felt any real interest in the international aspect of the war. It was for nine Russians among ten simply an upheaval which might conceivably bring with it domestic liberty. Like Heraclitus, the average Russian believed that war is father of all things.

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It has begotten liberty for Russia: what need is there of any further progeny? Every Russian sees before him the immense task of reconstruction which beckons him at home. The "intellectuals" are impatient to realize their vision of a new and humane society. The peasants are eager to till the fresh fields which will fall to their lot. It is Russian soil which they want to annex. The aims which absorb the thoughts of men elsewhere seem to them abstract and unreal. What is the European balance of power but a thin and meaningless phrase, to a man whose energies are stretched to build up a new Russia? These men have spent their lives in prison—one need not be a Hamlet to call Russia a prison. The door is open. The call of opportunity sounds in their ears. It must be for some great end, for an end that will stand the test of critical and even impatient thinking, that we bid the released convict become a conscript, and ask him to enter a barrack when he has left a gaol.

Kerensky has tried to define what this great aim must be. For a resettlement of Europe on the basis of the consent of populations he and his group are willing to fight, if a frank interchange of views reveals that the enemy is still opposed to it. That demonstration, however, is indispensable. If the enemy rejects the formula of a good peace, it must not be because a mixed program, half liberalism and half imperialism, has been presented to him. The Russians ask for proof that the enemy insists on fighting to resist the disinterested purposes of the Allies and these alone. How would it define these disinterested purposes? It would, of course, insist on the elimination of such claims as the annexation of the German colonies and the dismemberment of Turkey, and of course on the withdrawal of the boycotts and trading preferences of the Paris Resolutions. Its positive proposals for the future security of Europe do not differ (so far as I know them) from the current schemes of a League of Nations and a general measure of disarmament. It is when it turns to European questions of nationality, that the gravest divergence begins. The Russians do not want to return to the territorial position of 1914 with all its anomalies. They have already conceded the independence of Poland. The only principle which as democrats they will accept, is that government shall everywhere rest on the consent of populations. To ascertain that consent, in disputed cases they will recognize only one expedient, the plébiscite. Kerensky's organ in the press has worked out an eleborate plan for the settlement of Europe by plébiscite, which is worth notice as an indication of the views of his school, though it may not be a final or official proposal. This suggestion is that plébiscites shall be taken by universal suffrage, under commissioners who represent both groups of belligerents and the population affected. A plébiscite may originate in any "frontier district" (a large and vague phrase) in one of two ways. A belligerent Power may propose that it shall be taken, or the population itself may call for it, if ten per cent of the adult population requires it (by petition, one supposes). In this last case a population (e. g. that of Russian Poland) may call for a plébiscite not merely in its own area, but also in adjoining frontier regions (e. g. Posen and Galicia). Theoretically this is a very complete plan, though it does not meet the notorious difficulty about all plébiscites—that the result will often depend on the preliminary delimitation of the area to be polled. It sounds like a rash proposal to open up every conceivable European question to this searching test. If this criterion is proposed for Poland, can it be rejected for "Little Russia" or for Finland? In practice I imagine that the Russian Socialists are thinking primarily of Poland and of Alsace-Lorraine. Their proposal for Austria-Hungary is not dismemberment but federalism, and the enlightened policy adopted by the Emperor Karl has made it easy for all of us to fall in with this view.

Assuming, then, that the Allies should be willing, as part of a good and comprehensive international settlement, to restore the German colonial dominions (or an equivalent for them) and to seek guaranties for good government in Turkey by other methods than partition, the real difference between Russia and the west narrows itself to such questions as Alsace, the Trentino and Poland. Here again the stand taken by the Russians is in no case against the claim itself, but only against certain grounds on which the claim may be based. The leading instance is Alsace-Lorraine. The Allied note put forward a claim to "provinces formerly torn from the Allies." This was not mere rhetoric. It clearly contained a legal pretension to ownership. The implied argument is that by right of possession until 1870 these provinces belong to France, and she demands the restitution of what is lawfully hers. To this pretension a Russian Socialist would answer that he admits no claim based on the rights of a sovereign owner. Has he not abandoned his own claim to the ownership of Poland? The fact that these provinces were French from the time of Louis XIV to the time of Louis Napoleon is no more decisive than the fact that they were part of the old German Empire down to the not very remote days of the Grand Monarch. The only democratic test is the will of the population of these provinces. The Russian Socialists (many of whom have lived in Switzerland on the borders of Alsace) are well

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enough informed to know that the will of this population is doubtful. If Metz and Thionville are certainly pro-French, the Eastern part of Lorraine is as certainly pro-German, while about the present opinion of Alsace only a partisan would dogmatize. They see what would be plain to all of us, if we could dismiss the passionate prepossessions of war, that a re-conquest of these provinces by force alone would be no more final, and no more nearly a vindication of international morality than the annexations of Louis XIV and of Bismarck. Are these provinces to be for all time the "challenge-cup" of Europe? I do not feel sure that a claim qualified by plébiscite would by itself bring us much nearer to an early peace than a claim based upon conquest or legal title. But it would at least bring the program of the Allies into harmony with their democratic professions. One may note in this connection that the German majority Socialists have said that they are ready to consider the cession of the certainly pro-French Metz district as part of an amicable bargain. There, it seems to me, the German Socialists show more sense for realities than the Russians. The Russians have enunciated general principles. The Germans realize that what Germany may be willing to give up, without further fighting, depends in fact on the nature of the whole settlement. Take only this one instance. It would be easy to give up Metz, if the continued export of its iron-ores were assured to German industry. But it would be ruin to give up Metz, if the resolutions of the Paris Conference are to govern the world's trade by boycotts. If once the idea of penalizing German trade and destroying German expansion were honestly abandoned, some of the territorial questions would dwindle into details. For my part I do not believe that these extremer aims are to-day seriously cherished by the soberer statesmen of the Entente. If they are not publicly renounced, that is because they may still serve as pieces to bargain with. Russia wants to evolve a war-settlement out of pure reason, while the traditional statecraft of Western Europe clings to the old technique of barter and bluff.

It is clear from the recent controversy in the German press over the much discussed article in the Bavarian Premier's organ, that what official Germany is really concerned about is the future of her trade. No formula would bring us within sight of peace so certainly as an Allied declaration that we are prepared to deal generously with German economic interests, if the Central Empires in their turn will meet our indispensable claims of nationality, and give us moral and material guaranties for the future by entering a League of Nations, and consenting to a general and drastic reduction of armaments.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Priority in Shipment

REALIZING that nowhere does mobilization for war demand more than in the matter of transportation, the Council of National Defense adopted, early in April, a resolution requesting Mr. Daniel Willard "to call upon the railways to so organize their business as to lead to the greatest expedition in the movement of freight." As a result, the chief railway executives of the country, meeting in Washington on April 11th, agreed, by a reciprocal resolution, "to coördinate their operations in a continental railway system, merging, during the war, all their merely individual and competitive activities in the effort to produce a maximum of national transportation efficiency." To supervise the great task entered into so confidently, a Coöperative Committee on Transportation, consisting of five members, was set up as an agency under the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense.

It is still too early to guess what developments will come from these indefinite beginnings; but the scheme of organization which will control them has assumed a form that is probably permanent. As now constituted the Coöperative Committee on Transportation faces outward through a system of six subdivisions, centers that correspond, roughly, to the six departments of the Army. It faces inward, to the Council of National Defense, with a report submitted once a week through its member ex-officio, Mr. Willard. It has one arm thrown over to the Interstate Commerce Commission, in Mr. Edgar E. Clark, a member of the Commission who sits in the Coöperative Committee, without a vote but with opportunity for counsel and suggestion. Thus it has two organizations, complete on paper and to a certain extent already active. Facing out, under the six geographical subdivisions, are fifty-six general agents at all of the military headquarters and the mobilization points permanently attached there, to work with the Army officers in the problems of transportation. Their reports the inward-facing organization receives, codifies, and submits to the Coöperative Committee in the form of definite suggestions.

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This central part of the machinery has six units: one for military passenger tariffs and one for freight tariffs, one for transportation accounting, another for equipment standards, one for express, and, most important, one that sits six days a week and many evenings—a subcommittee on car service.

Policy, therefore, rests with the Council of National Defense. It is carried through Mr. Willard to the Coöperative Committee on Transportation, where, theoretically, it changes from policy to action, with the six subcommittees recommending instructions to be sent out through the geographical units to the carriers concerned. But since, so far, the chief policy of the Council of National Defense, in respect to railway matters, has been to leave those matters in the discretion of the railways themselves, what has gone out through the local units has been not so much fragments of a policy originating with the Council, as isolated good ideas which occurred naturally to the members of the Coöperative Committee. Thus an "efficiency circular," urging improved methods in everything from purchasing new equipment to stoking a firebox and stepping from the platform of a passenger coach, has been distributed to the railway officers, employees and public. An arrangement has been made, through the Chairman of the Committee on Coal Production, whose relation to the Coöperative Committee can, on paper, only be traced through a maze of squares and circles, and whose coöperation, accordingly, is the more encouraging—an arrangement has been made for a pooling of coal so that when the cars of the railways get it as far as the lower lake ports there will be less delay in having it put into the boats that will carry it to the Mesaba range. Three years ago, in his brief on the five per cent case, Mr. Brandeis pointed out that one of the improvements which would offer an alternative to increased rates was a more efficient car handling in the larger terminals. Suggestions too radical for serious consideration in a time of peace are being resorted to naturally, under the stress of war, as good business propositions.

One such suggestion is the cutting down of the time and profit wasted in idle cars. The Coöperative Committee on Transportation has modified the so-called car-service rules, to obtain "a more fluid movement of such equipment as exists"—a violation, in times of peace, of the established principles of freedom for competitive waste. It announces that it has "begun to see the fruits" of its efforts. It sees, as did Mr. Brandeis and others some time ago, that a considerable part of the car shortage problem is due "not so much to the nonexistence of a great number of cars" as to the time which those cars spend, in a competitive attempt for unremunerative traffic, on sidings and in terminals as free storage places—and it is "trying to remove some of these defects." The Committee has also advised that duplication in passenger service be reduced by cutting down the luxurious service which certain districts enjoy at the expense of others, partly through an inherited notion of competitive advertising at the cost, even, of a loss in operation. Such innovations the members of the Coöperative Committee have been able to recommend, and partly to have adopted, in their position as railway executives. But there is a limit to what these innovations can accomplish in a mobilization. For the Committee has not power over priority.

Priority power, in railway matters, may be of one of two types. It may be power to say that essentials shall be moved at the expense of non-essentials, or it may recognize an interlocking of all transportation, and consist in power to say that one non-essential shall be moved before another non-essential. It is principally priority of the first sort that the Coöperative Committee has so far sought to exercise. It has authority, extended to it by the American Railway Association, "to formulate in detail and from time to time a policy for all or any of the railways"; but this is at best an indefinite control assured by the tolerance of those who have subscribed to it of their own initiative. Indeed, when effective, it violates those terms of the interstate commerce act which rule against discrimination between one shipper and another. It violates, too, various state laws and certain municipal laws to the same purpose. The Coöperative Committee now advises a control guaranteed against suits that will result from a violation of existing codes—a legal and effective action in place of action that is now illegal and can be only moderately successful.

The accomplishment of these ends is planned in a bill which passed the Senate on Saturday and is now pending in the House. This measure first places a penalty upon "obstructing or retarding the orderly conduct or movement of interstate commerce"—though an amendment provides that "nothing in this section shall be construed to repeal, modify or affect either section 6 or section 20" of the Clayton act; the remainder of the bill deals with the question of priority, and gives to the President power to direct which sort of traffic and what shipments shall be given precedence. As a connecting link the common carriers are instructed to maintain continuously at Washington an agency to receive orders and directions from "such person or persons as the President may designate for the purpose." Presumably, that is, the orders and directions will come from, and be received by, the agency already in existence—the Coöperative Committee on Transportation.

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The objections which Congress has raised to this program are two. Certain senators, particularly Mr. Smith of Georgia, have complained that no provision is made for the Senate to "pass upon the occupants of the offices as they come." Coming down from the time when Washington's nomination of a naval officer for the port of Savannah was rejected by the first Senate, this argument has the advantages of tradition but of little else. A sounder objection rests on the fear that in delegating authority "to make arrangements, rules and regulations" Congress is in fact delegating a portion of its own legislative power. But where the strict constitutionalist is concerned over the establishment of a dangerous precedent, the practical member is likely to see that it is not possible to lay down in advance a code that is detailed, and will still fit the exigencies, doubtful cases and new situations that arise from day to day. Particularly under the abnormal conditions of war is it as difficult to prescribe a rigid rule for the movement of freight as it would be to prescribe a rigid rule for the movement of a battleship or of a field gun. "We must either give the President this power, or some equivalent power," said Senator Cummins, "or take possession of the railways. One or the other of those two things must be done if the war is to be carried on successfully; and I think it was the view of the committee that it was better to give the President the power that is here proposed than to attempt to take possession of the vast railway property of the United States and organize it for operation."

This endowment of discretionary powers upon an agency originally dependent on the coöperative spirit of its units is not exceptional, but in fact characteristic of the war measures which have been passed by Congress. The provisions of most acts are supplemented by a legislative authority given to the office which is to execute them. The question of exemptions from conscription is left in the hands of the President; the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized by the bond issue act to receive payment for loans made to foreign governments "under such terms and conditions as he may prescribe"; the Lever bill will give to Mr. Hoover authority "to determine and fix what, under specified conditions, is a reasonable guaranteed price for any products." The tendency to vest in an administrative agency a discretionary power, had, in fact, already set in before the war—with the authority of exercising selection delegated to various cabinet officers and to such organs as the Federal Reserve Board, the Trade Commission and the Shipping Board. In this case it is less the recognition of the tendency than the possible practical results which will be instructive. For the first time the railways are to be joined in a continental system. The need of a rigorous priority rule will pass with the war, but in making provincial demands secondary, and in pointing to unremunerative and unproductive practices, it will encourage new conceptions of the problems in transportation which the country has in ordinary times of peace.

CHARLES MERZ.

Giulio and the Draft

I CAN'T help feeling sorry for Giulio. His name is on the register as eligible to the draft. And terror walks with him. He is absolutely sure that his name will be drawn. He is also sure that he will be packed with a thousand other conscripts aboard a ship destined to be sent to the bottom by a submarine. And if he is fished out of the cold Atlantic alive, he asserts despairingly, fate will seize him by the neck and thrust him before the mouth of a German cannon. Since the enactment of the conscription law, Giulio has seen and shivered over every war picture in New York. He has paid repeated visits to Mulberry Street, where one-legged Angelo opens his shirt and displays to the admiring youth a shell scar as big as a platter. Angelo all but died ten deaths on the Isonzo, and knows just how each death would have felt, and succeeds in making Giulio know too. Giulio had thought himself so safe in America. Through two years he had congratulated himself on the luck that had placed four thousand miles of water between himself and the inexplicable ambitions that brought Italy into the fight. As a precaution against occult influences that might draw him home he had taken out citizenship papers. To his bane, he now realizes. He must shoulder a gun, fight, and die. And so the whole United States looks to him like the death cell at Sing-Sing.

Giulio is a peace-loving barber. He is so peaceful that he refrains from reminding you that your hair is growing thin about the temples and could be singed, profitably at least to him. He is afraid he might irritate you. He is so peaceful that he almost falls on his knees when burly Italian bill collectors with machine gun speech and gestures developed in historical vendettas threaten him over the body of a recumbent customer. And when the witch-like woman, who was probably fair quite recently, enters the shop to raise hot Italian trouble with the round-faced Sicilian manicure girl, Giulio will leave you half shaven and flee for the corner saloon, not to return until the two women have rushed weeping from the shop.

"Great row we had in here?" you remark interrogatively.

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"Yes," sighs Giulio, "a man has no peace." He glances complacently at his face appearing in the glass just above yours, which looks prematurely aged with its beard of drying lather.

There is no denying that Giulio has reason to view his face complacently. It is very charming. His cheeks, smooth as a girl's, glow softly under their pale olive skin, his brown eyes are shot with flecks of gold and are radiant as gems. His brow is Greek and is crowned with a shining mass of closely curled hair. But if you examine his head closely you will detect the long, up-tilted skull that marks the oldest Mediterranean stock, the stock that dwelt in peace and plenty before the Greeks and Etruscans and Latins descended to tinge the streams with blood. One may surmise that Giulio's ancestors retired to the fastnesses of the Apennines, to survive by fecundity and inoffensiveness until the intruding fighting races had killed themselves off. But now, by virtue of democracy, this scion of primordial pacifism is to be made into a fighting man.

"It is crazy, to fight," Giulio repeats incessantly.

"But don't you see, Giulio, if another nation strikes at us, we have to strike back?"

"No. We could stay right here."

"Well, how would you like it if Germany crushed France and overran Italy?"

"The Germans have been in Italy before. They are gone. They would go again."

"But suppose they came here?"

"I have German customers. They are like other people. They grumble, but they pay. What do I care if they come?"

It is useless to argue with Giulio. His psychical make-up antedates the military state; therefore he hasn't any political premises. He has no fighting blood in him; and in consequence war is to him nothing but a horrible contrivance for wholesale execution.

It would be no great loss, you say, if a man of this type were "executed." He is an undesirable citizen, unassimilable. But this is to confirm his view of the ruling attitude.

"They want to take me out and kill me. What have I done? I do my work. I pay for what I get. I have a nice shop. I was happy. I do not make trouble. Tell me, why can't they leave me alone?"

Giulio is the wrong kind of man. But I'm sorry for him.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

The Nine Days

Diary of an American During the Russian Revolution

Wednesday, March 7—When I left the office in the evening to go home there were no cars. Everybody presumed that it was the usual tie-up. So I started to walk home, but when I reached the —— Place I got a stray car moving toward the barns—why, neither the conductor nor the motorman knew. From the Troitzki Place, where the Troitzki Bridge ends, there were mounted police all along the Kamennoostrovski Prospect, riding up and down the streets, singly and in pairs, but most of them in groups of four. Except for the stoppage of the car service and the police, the street was as usual. During the evening I heard from various sources that all the factories in the city would strike on Thursday to protest against the shortage of bread.

Thursday, March 8—I reached the office by the usual car line. About noon we were all called to the windows, as a great crowd was coming up the Newski. A street car approached the mass from behind, but the trolley pole was at once pulled down and the passengers evicted. The crowd moved quietly and was calling, "Bread, bread, give us bread." It was composed mostly of "baba," or "simple women," meaning the women of the people. The distinction between the "baba" and the "dama" (lady) being that the former never wears a hat, contenting herself with a brown shawl over the head and tucked in under the overcoat. There were numbers of women in the crowd and some men, the latter all with bared heads, as they were all bound for the Kazan Cathedral, the Petrograd Holy of Holies. No demonstration of protest or rejoicing can start properly until it has been to the Kazanski. After emptying the street car the crowd was evidently stopped, for it went no further and was soon joined by a second, which came up from the direction of the City Duma. Soon we learned the cause of the delay, when a column of cossacks, in double file, trotted along the sidewalk in front of our building, forcing a passage through a large group of green-capped students who were looking on. The cossacks drew up behind the crowd, with their rifles slung across their backs. Soon another detachment trotted into sight, this time passing through the crowd itself, which parted to free a path. This detachment turned at once and trotted back through the crowd. On entering the crowd the officer leading his men slowed up until the crowd parted. In a few minutes a third detachment came up the Newski from the direction the people had come from, this time armed with the long cossack lance, such as the German Uhlans carry, carried upright and resting on the stirrup. This detachment alternated with the second in trotting through the crowd in one direction and then circling back around the people in the other direction. There was no attempt to disperse the gathering. The cossack detachments were evidently "polusotnia" (half-hundreds), as I counted from 40 to 48 men in each. No police were visible except the fixed-post Gardevoi, in black, and four Okolototchni (Police Sergeants), in gray, on the corners. An elegant auto drove up and two police generals jumped out and spent some time in giving elaborate

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directions to the gardevoi and sergeants, with much pointing and waving of arms. Every time the cossacks rode through the crowd they were cheered and greeted with white handkerchiefs. The people near the waiting cossacks were evidently in conversation with them, and all along the line the cossacks made slight, reassuring gestures with their hands, plainly visible from our windows. The officer of one of the detachments lost his patience once and began bulldozing the crowd evidently, but as he was haranguing over his right shoulder a workman stepped up to him from his left and, quickly pulling his foot out of the stirrup, heaved hard, upsetting the officer from his saddle. The officer quickly scrambled back. Our messenger, who was in the crowd, saw a detective try to photograph an orator and get soundly beaten for his pains. After about an hour the crowd slowly returned in the direction from which it had come, the cossacks following at a respectful distance. In all the three big demonstrations on the Newski to-day I saw only one red emblem, a red handkerchief waved at the cossacks by a woman in the first procession. When I left the office the street car, stopped in the morning, was still standing deserted. Pasted on the house walls at every corner was a notice signed by General Khabaloff, Commander of the Petrograd Military District, stating that the transport of black flour to Petrograd was normal, that the usual amount of bread had been delivered to the shops and that there was no reason to fear the advent of famine. This was commented on as a deliberate lie, since there was no famine to come, it being already here, as proved by the fact that the bread lines were longer to-day than ever and only tiny quantities were sold to each person. I again caught a stray car on the way to the barns. When I left it at the Troitzki Place there were two squads of soldiers there, with stacked arms, jumping about and dancing in the cold. No police of any kind were visible here except a police colonel talking with the officers in command of the soldiers. From here on was a continuous line of empty street cars on the inward tracks. Occasionally a caravan of four or five cars, in charge of one motorman, passed inward on the outward tracks, going to the barns. It seems that the leaders of the crowds had stopped the cars and taken the motormen's controllers away from them. The crowd had also left its demands written in bold chalk letters on the red sides of some of the cars, "Give us bread," and "No bread—no work." It is astonishing how many people the street cars take off the streets. Both sidewalks were crowded with people returning home from the city, whereas at this hour the —— is usually not busy. At home the doorman regaled me with the tale of the sacking of Ph . . .'s bakery, not far from our house. After standing in the bitter cold for several hours, the crowd was told at about three o'clock that there would be no bread. The "babi" at once broke in the door and raided the place, smashing the windows incidentally. It is said they found quantities of black bread in the rear storerooms.

Friday, March 9—When I reached the square this morning it was filled with idle street cars standing on both streets. Everywhere there were small groups of people. One of these was gathered around a policeman, who was arguing unsuccessfully with a young, intelligent and very uppish workman. "I'm just as sorry as you are," the gardevoi was saying. "I only get forty-three rubles a month myself and have to eat black bread like all the rest of us." "Oh, we know all about the forty-three rubles of the police," said the workman; "you make enough in ten years to retire and open a shop." As the gardevoi went off grumbling that "even the police are human," the group called ironically, "Hear, hear," "That's it" and "Forty-three rubles your grandmother." One very angry official of the Ministry of Finance roundly cursed the police and the street-car administration for inconveniencing the public by ordering all the trams off the streets, but was silenced when told it was an order of the Chief of Police because the strikers had begun to derail the cars. A police sergeant who had come up with a portfolio of papers under his arm remarked triumphantly as he went off, "So you see it's not the fault of the police." I started to walk across the bridge to town, but turned back when the stream of people returning announced that there were troops at the bridge, who were allowing absolutely no one except officers and soldiers to pass. I bought a number of daily papers to read at home. There was no mention in them of any strike or any shortage of bread. These were the last newspapers issued for ten days. On my way home from the square I saw for the first time Khabaloff's new notice, stating that "Crowds have gathered in the street and have attempted the lives of members of the army and the police. All gatherings on the streets are absolutely forbidden. I warn the inhabitants of Petrograd that I have commanded the troops to use their arms freely and to stop at nothing in maintaining order." "Phew," said a workman near me, "a cross old gent, isn't he?" In the crowd around this notice someone claimed to have seen some days before, at night, an armored street car with great searchlights on it and many machine guns sticking out of the portholes. "That's why they are taking away the street cars now. They've got 200 of these armored cars, and at noon they will begin to patrol the main streets with them." "That's so," commented another; "all the police stations are full of machine guns, with soldiers dressed as policemen to handle them." "Rot," said another, "the soldier-boys won't shoot at their own people." I believed this latter about the police stations being full of machine guns, as it had been a current rumor since January 9th, the anniversary of the breaking of the Lena Goldfields strike. This reminded me of four years ago when I first saw the cossacks during the annual unrest on that date. I recalled how they swept down the Newski in a line across the street from house to house. I also recalled how they had dispersed a crowd at the Anitchkoff Palace, driving in double file into the very heart of it at full tilt, bunching together in the center of the crowd and then spreading out through it again in four directions, like the spokes of a wheel, incessantly wielding their whips (nagaikas), and reforming into double file again on the outskirts of the crowd and again charging into it.

I telephoned to the office and learned that the crowds were again parading the Newski and the cossacks were again hovering around them, still being cheered and still making reassuring gestures. The lonely traffic policeman had disappeared, after being roundly cursed and jeered.

In the afternoon I walked to have a look at Ph . . .'s wrecked bakery and to see a street car which had been overturned the day before. At Ph . . .'s the windows were all heavily boarded. A reserve lieutenant and five soldiers were on guard at the door, through which we could see the electric lights burning inside. The line of "babi" was nearly two blocks long, and they were being admitted for bread five at a time. At the Kolpinskaya, sure enough, a car was lying forlornly on its side. All the windows were shattered, and at one end a small bon-

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fire had been started under it, but without result. Most of the shops along the streets were closed, except those dealing in food products. On our way home we met a crowd running in our direction, led by several women street-car track-sweepers. One of them threw her broom away as she ran. Although there was no sound of firing, we took discretion to be the better part of valor, and turned up a side street, reaching home quietly after a long detour.

In the evening a friend called, and told us a story of the demolishing of K . . .'s shop, in which her servant girl, it seems, had taken an active part. This was a bakery that "stood in" very well with the police. Long after a law was in operation forbidding the baking and selling of cakes, petits fours, cookies, buns, or anything made of sweet dough, on account of the shortage of sugar and of white flour, when K . . .'s bread and roll shelves were absolutely bare his cake counter was groaning with sweets which could be had for quintuple and sextuple prices. About four o'clock on this day his shop was surrounded by "babi," who asked the reserve lieutenant to let them inspect the place, stating that they would go away quietly if no bread was found. In the back rooms and in the cellar, it is said, they found quantities of white rolls, "meant for the restaurants." After breaking several windows the "babi" sold off this supply of rolls for ten copecks apiece, or quarter price, and went home. One of the "babi," however, stayed to "bad word" the reserve lieutenant and a police officer in the courtyard, and was killed by the two men. It was said that she was the wife of the doorman of a house not far from us, and that her body had been taken there. All night long an enormous crowd stood around the door of this house, and every time I asked the same story was told me.

All during this day there was not a single policeman to be seen anywhere on the streets after eleven o'clock in the morning.

Saturday, March 10—This morning the streets are generously placarded with an announcement by Khabaloff that those men who do not return to work by Tuesday will be deprived of their immunity from military service in the munition factories and will be sent to the front. Two factory girls came this morning to finish the ironing for their mother, our laundress. They state that all will be quiet to-day, but that if there is no bread forthcoming, Monday will be a big day. They say that from the beginning of the week it began to be harder and harder to buy bread, so that the lines formed stood for as long as three and four hours in the cold, and that often those near the end of the line weren't served after all. Those workmen who were unmarried or whose wives were also at work and who had no one to stand in line for them had to lose much time from their work, and consequently lose pay, or go hungry. The men came out for the noon hour on Wednesday from many factories and, finding no bread to be had, refused to return to work. The girls also said that since then there had been cossack pickets in the streets near their factory, but that the cossacks and soldiers of the armored automobiles in the courtyards nearby declared they would not fire on the workmen even if ordered to do so by their officers.

I was let across the bridge on showing my foreign passport. A few people were coming from the city and were let pass freely, but very few of the enormous crowd were allowed to go into the city. An old woman was weeping bitterly, "They won't let me home, they won't let me home." A workman wanted to pass, as he had to collect a loan of five rubles from a friend to-day. A rosy fat man had an appointment with the Minister of Finance. None of them got through. At the city end of the bridge I noticed that the cracks between the bridge proper and the drawbridge part had been carefully cleaned of snow and ice so the drawbridge could be opened easily, thus completely cutting off our side from the rest of the city. The streets leading from the bridge to the Newski were deserted except along the barracks of the P . . . Guards, which were surrounded by pickets of four or five soldiers of another regiment. The pickets had evidently been there all night, as they were huddling around small bonfires.

In the office all was quiet, but no work was possible. The Newski was under constant patrol by cossacks, some with rifles, some with lances. We hear that last night the City Duma held a stormy meeting and adopted a resolution strongly condemning the government.

After about an hour listlessly hanging around in the office I started home, but was attracted up the Newski by its very emptiness. The cossack patrols moved along, never more than two blocks apart, and occasionally a patrol moved, not in double file, but in open order extended across the street from house to house. A little way up the Newski I met my friend A . . . S . . ., who said he was on his way home, as there was sure to be trouble. He had just come from the Znamenskaya Place, opposite the Nikolas R. R. Station, and was in a great state of excitement.

"The Znamenskaya Place was full of people," he said; "orators everywhere, especially around the statue in the center of the square, and a company of cossacks riding around and around the crowd. I was on the outskirts, near the Newski, opposite the Goncharnaya. I looked up the Newski. Suddenly there was a shot behind me, close to me. I looked around and saw a man's arm and hand holding a smoking revolver straight up into the air, and then I saw a troop of mounted police issue from the Goncharnaya with naked sabres and charge at the crowd. Suddenly a shot came from the cossacks who were on my right, and the leader of the police fell from his horse. The cossacks yelled and charged the police, hacking and swinging with their whips. The police broke and fled. Then," he said, "you should have seen the crowd. People kissed and hugged the cossacks, climbing up on the horses to reach them. Others kissed and embraced the horses, the cossacks' boots, stirrups, saddles. They were given cigarettes, money, cigar cases, gloves, anything, everything." A . . . S . . .'s eyes were full of tears. "Go home," he said, "quick; there'll be war in the city to-night." I started. Crossing the bridge with an American, I chanced to meet a fellow-walker, who pointed out some dark spots on the ramparts of the Peter and Paul Fortress and said they were seventy-five millimeter guns mounted there to shrapnel the bridge in case of need. Perhaps. The crowd trying to get into the city was as big as in the morning, and the officer was letting the people through after they filed in front of him for scrutiny. After crossing, we stopped to look back across the bridge, and had to scuttle with the rest of the crowd to get out of the way of a big armored auto hurrying into the city.

In the evening everybody on the street is talking of the cossacks on the Znamenskaya Place. It is also said there was great slaughter in front of the City Duma, where mounted police dressed as cossacks poured several volleys into a crowd. Also, that on the Viborg side, an exclusively factory district, furious barricade fighting is going on.

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Sunday, March 11—Went out late in the morning to get the latest news and rumors, as there are no papers, and if there were, there would be nothing in them about the riots. The streets are full of people. Large groups form around any one who has news. If two friends stop to greet each other many eager listeners gather around them. It is said the dead are still lying in the snow in front of the City Duma and in many other places along the Newski, and that there are five thousand wounded in the Obukhoff Hospital under strict guard to prevent rescue. Everywhere, it is claimed, the shooting is being done by mounted police dressed as soldiers, as is clearly seen from the fact that the horses of the shooters are large, fine animals, well groomed, whereas the cossacks' horses are very small and shaggy and generally unkempt looking.

During the morning and after our early Sunday dinner I ran out on the streets very often, although there is nothing new to learn so far. The draws in all the bridges across the Neva have been opened, thus entirely separating the Viborg side, the Petrograd side and the Vassili Ostroff from the city proper, and also all the draws in the bridges between the Viborg and the Petrograd sides and between the Petrograd side and the Vassili Ostroff. There was a big fight, they say, between workmen and police to obtain possession of this latter bridge. One man says that some of the bridges across the canals in the main part of town have been blown up, and that the big ones, on the Newski, are being held by armored automobiles. It is now, apparently, the plan of the police to quell the city, bit by bit. All this is "important if true," and there is no means of knowing, but it is quite intolerable to sit in the apartment long at a time. The street is a paramount, and to stay away from it means nervousness and anxiety, which disappears the minute my foot strikes the sidewalk.

After dinner we went to call at V . . .'s. While we were there her cousin telephoned that his brother had just got home after being caught in a big fight in front of the Nikolas Station. He claims the fight was between soldiers and workmen on one side and the police on the other. He was nearly caught between the two sides, as all the doors along the Newski were tight locked and he could get in nowhere. He ran into the Nikolas Station, however, and escaped by running out the back through the freight yards. V . . .'s husband, an officer, whose work is in a suburb only to be reached through the Viborg side, hasn't been home since Thursday, and she is terribly worried. While we were there her telephone went dead. On the way home the streets were absolutely deserted. This was at about twelve o'clock.

Monday, March 12—This morning the streets are seething. All the talk is in a delighted tone and has to do with the P . . . Guards, whose barracks were under the guard of another regiment on Saturday morning. It seems that during Saturday one company got out of control and left the barracks to join the strikers, but was driven back into its quarters by the police, and that a detachment from another regiment arrested the ringleaders. On Sunday night, however, the entire regiment broke out of quarters and joined the workmen. During the night several other regiments revolted. One of these regiments, the Pr . . . Guards, mutinied when it heard that the Duma had been prorogued, and it marched to the Tauride Palace to protect the Duma against dispersal. This was the signal to other regiments. Everybody to-day is talking about the fall of the old government. The bread strike is quite swamped in the new events. But there is no real news, except that the Duma is still sitting, has been sitting, in fact, since Saturday. What will it do? is the question on every tongue. By late evening everyone is talking of the soldiers of the S . . . Guards, who fired round after round into the air over the heads of the crowd they were to disperse on the Liteiny Prospect.

At about nine o'clock in the evening I went out for the last time to have a look, and found a very well dressed intelligent man running breathlessly up the Kamennoostrovski Prospect, stopping a few moments every block to tell the great news: "The Duma has formed a temporary government." Rodzianko, Miliukoff, Gutchkoff, Kerensky, all the popular and prominent leaders are named, all of them from the Progressive Block, except Kerensky and Tchkheidze, who are extreme left and socialists. It is astounding, colossal, not to be grasped at once or even half understood. Perhaps the best news of all to the crowds was that there will be newspapers tomorrow. On my way back there is a great crowd around the quarters of the automobile battalion on the Kamennoostrovski. The soldiers are sending a committee to the Duma. It seems the radiator of the auto is empty and the soldiers and civilians are carrying water in teacups, teakettles, pails, anything.

At midnight I went out again and found a tremendous mass of people in the square at the Kamennoostrovski and Bolshoi, surrounding a big auto truck packed with soldiers, from which a reserve lieutenant was speaking. He told about the soldiers and the Duma. "But now it's all right," he shouted; "there'll be a new government. Do you understand? A new government, and there'll be bread for everybody." He tried to say some more about what the Duma would do, but just couldn't get any farther. The mere facts that there was a temporary government named by the Duma in place of the old, that the commander-in-chief of the military district of Petrograd, Khabaloff, was murdered, that Protopopoff, the hated Minister of the Interior, was killed, and that the Premier was a prisoner, were all too much. I don't think any man's mind that night, except the very leaders in the Duma, could stretch fast enough and far enough to do more than struggle with the realization of the simplest and most elementary facts of the revolution—with the plain fact that there actually was a revolution.

Tuesday, March 13—The Petrograd side has come to life this morning after four days' uneasy calm and isolation. Tremendous motor trucks, elegant limousines, slight runabouts are coursing up and down the Kamennoostrovski and the Bolshoi Prospects. Each auto is packed and jammed with soldiers, all with guns and bayonets, and red flags and red streamers are all over the machines. There is a nurse in her black and white head-dress, like a nun's hood, on the front seat beside the driver of every auto. Occasionally an armored car trundles clumsily by, also with a red flag painted on it in several places. The main streets are absolutely jammed from house to house and curb to curb with people, half of whom are wearing improvised red rosettes, or streamers or buttonholes. The only noise is the constant tooting of the speeding autos and the thunderous trundling of the trucks. So at nine and ten A. M. But by noon the firing began, the first we have heard on this side. It seems that in about every sixth house along the principal streets there are groups of gardevois and gendarmes hidden in the attics and on the roofs of the houses. They have machine guns and have begun to fire on the crowds in the streets. Miniature sieges are taking place in dozens of places. It is like an

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old-fashioned American Fourth of July by three o'clock, with the pop, pop, popping of rifles on all sides and occasionally the momentary trrrrrrrr of a machine gun. By evening the gardevois that have been "fished out" are being taken through the streets on their way to the Duma. They are all in civilian clothes, white and scared, but the crowds only laugh good-naturedly at the "Pharaoni" (Pharaohs), as they call them. Each procession is preceded by some of the captors waving the pharaohs' weapons or triumphantly hauling their machine guns. Late in the afternoon the first proclamations arrive. The first one I saw emanated from some socialist committee, and in the high-flown language of "Tyranny steeped in blood," "the age-long chains have fallen," etc., calls on all to unite for a democratic republic, socialist economic system, confiscation and distribution of imperial, state, landlords', and monastery lands, an eight-hour work day and the abolition of the death penalty. The other proclamation I was able to see was to the same effect, except that it added that the war must be stopped. That is the astonishing thing—for the past five days we have all forgotten that the war exists. I was hard put to it to realize that five days ago the war was the all-absorbing thing in the world. Now it seems very far away to me, and I know the people in the street have forgotten it entirely, and that frightens me.

In the afternon I started for the office. In the big crossroads at the Kamennoostrovski and the Rujheinaya there was a supply station for the stream of automobiles. A gasoline barrel was mounted in the center of the street with an improvised pump and hose. The open space was full of people, despite the fact that since the morning an ambush of gardevois had been discovered in one of the houses facing the square and several people had been wounded around the tank. It was said the gardevois were so well ensconced in the attic that it had been decided to let them starve there, as they dared not show themselves at the windows any more because the opposite roofs were held by sharpshooters. Every tenth civilian you meet has a weapon of some sort, either a gun or a pistol or an officer's sword strapped around his overcoat. Almost every automobile that flies past has at least one arm sticking out of the window with a pistol in its hand, finger always on trigger, but no one seems to get shot accidentally. As I emerged from the Kamennoostrovski on to the long open park leading to the Troitzki Bridge the sound of heavy fusillading from the Viborg side came down the wind, and when I neared the bridge dense clouds of smoke from a big fire in the city near the end of the Liteiny Bridge were visible. It was the District Courthouse and the House of Detention. Farther down the river, near the Winter Palace, there were also several fires, and one nearly opposite us, said to be Protopopoff's house.

When about half-way across the bridge, heavy firing began not very far ahead, at the other end of the bridge, and the crowd in front began running back. Figures were plainly to be seen on the roof of the Marble Palace, at the end of the bridge opposite the British Embassy. As the firing grew heavier and a couple of bullets sung through the air above us, the crowd where I was standing also took to their heels, and I with them. As we hurried down the decline of the bridge to the Troitski Place I saw the only romantic sight of the whole revolution. A figure straight from the old engravings of the French Revolution was moving against the crowd. It was a young girl in a thin, shabby overcoat, with light clipped hair, on which perched a khaki soldier's cap with a big bunch of red ribbon in front. Strapped around her waist was an enormous curved gendarme's sword. She was trotting towards the firing, stopping every few steps to peer ahead, shading her eyes against the setting sun. I made up my mind that an ambush of pharaohs was holding the palace so as to keep control of the bridge head, always a strategical point, and that I would leave the office until they had been fished out.

Wednesday, March 14—Politics have begun this morning again, and we seem to have emerged from a sort of hermetic isolation, when the other side of the river seemed very far away and we only knew of what was happening the other end of the Petrograd side by hearsay. Everyone is asking this morning about the Czar's whereabouts, about the attitude the provinces will take, and what is happening or will happen at the front. Will an army be sent from the front to put down the Petrograd revolution? What is going on in Moscow? If the provinces oppose the revolution we shall all probably be starved. Food supplies, however are being sold freely to-day, and butter and eggs are even cheaper than usual. According to law, to-day is a meatless day, but the sausage shops are doing brisk business at low prices. A new pastime has arisen, scrambling for the News, a single-sheet bulletin, sometimes printed on both sides, issued by a "Committee" of Petrograd journalists and thrown out of passing automobiles in batches to be scrambled for. Anyone who succeeds in grabbing a copy is at once surrounded, and some one reads the whole thing aloud. The firing is less to-day, but seems even more widespread than yesterday. Every automobile has a soldier on each side lying on the front mudguard with his rifle at the ready, and every soldier in the autos, except the driver, has his entire attention fixed on the housetops. Many machines have machine guns sticking out of the windows, and the armored cars all have their guns trained on the roofs. I passed a soldier to-day making off with a trophy gathered from the nearby wreck of the police station—a thick steel breastplate lined with cotton batting.

One procession accompanying some arrested policeman was headed by a man enthusiastically waving a long row of brightly ribboned medals which a police sergeant had still worn beneath his civilian overcoat while attempting to escape. Later in the day a great and hilarious crowd came along, escorting a policeman with regular grenadier mustaches with a "baba's" shawl over his head and wearing a swashing calico petticoat. Many automobile shops and other shops have been turned into feeding stations for soldiers, and some of the larger houses along the Kamennoostrovski have opened such places at the expense of the dwellers. Collections are being taken up on the streets for tea and tobacco for the soldiers, and many high school boys are collecting baskets of cigarettes.

We went out this morning for a walk, and when we returned we found that in our absence two soldiers, both armed, had come to the back door of the apartment, declaring they had come to search the place for policemen. They sent the servant out on to the back stairs, insisting on conducting their search alone. They took thirty-nine rubles and a watch from the servant's room but did not touch anything else. There is nothing to be done except to hope that no more such searching parties will come as they are armed, may or may not be real soldiers, and in any case are quite masters of the situation.

One of the News to-day contains an announcement by the father-deacons working in the soldiers' hospitals of Petrograd, stating in the stilted language of the Church

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that "We are at one with you until the end of the ages." As it was read aloud the crowd roared with good-natured amusement.

In front of the automobile battalions quarters on the Kamennoostrovski there are four automobiles out of commission, three of them with broken springs. No wonder when twelve and fifteen men were crowded into an automobile meant for six! Another one is standing on the Bolshoi Prospect with its radiator muzzled into a shop door and with a smashed front axle. But there are fewer autos to-day and they drive less recklessly. Some sort of a commissioned officer has a table in the street in front of the battalion and is giving out auto passes without which no machine can cross any bridge or pass any of the larger traffic junctions.

I got to the office this afternoon but only stayed a short time. The Newski is like all the other streets, autos whizzing to and fro, groups listening to the reading of the News, feeding stations and streams of pedestrians.

On my way back I found that a large moving picture theatre on the square at the Kamennoostrovski and the Bolshoi has been turned into a Commissariat, a central point for giving out information, auto passes, sending out patrols, interning hooligans and the rare, rare drunks. It is in charge of a member of the Duma and is the first nucleus of the new order of things, the first visible sign of the "Temporary Government." I went in and told my tale of the search and theft, was condoled with and told that such little things were inevitable until a new system of order could be got working, which I perfectly understood, and was given a silly little certificate on a scrap of dirty paper stating that my apartment had been searched and nothing suspicious found. I was also told that if any more searching parties came to refuse to admit them and to at once notify the Commissariat who would send a patrol to investigate the identity of the searchers.

About the "politics" I mentioned before. Our horizon has been broadened by the announcement in the last News that the entire city is in the hands of the revolution and that only a few ambushes of gardevois remain, in isolated houses and attics, that all the regiments in the city, including those quartered near by, have gone to the Duma and joined the revolution, except the I——— Guards who are undergoing a regular siege in their barracks. Our horizon becomes almost international, so much has Petrograd been a little world all to itself in the last week, by the announcement that Moscow has gone over to the revolution almost bloodlessly. Nothing was known there about the riots here until late Sunday night when an aeroplane flew over the city scattering printed handbills. There is also an announcement of the New Ministry appointed by the Executive Committee of the Duma "with the consent of the Council of Workmen's Deputies." In the evening I went to V———'s to get information about this council of Workmen's Deputies and found that her husband had just returned from his barracks this morning. He says there has been regular trench warfare in Leissnoi, as a regiment of bicycle scouts and motor-cycle machine gunners wouldn't give in but entrenched themselves in their barracks and held out until some light artillery arrived last night and threatened to shell them out. He explains the Council of Workmen's Deputies as follows. It is an organization made up of representatives of workmen, elected by their organizations such as clubs, regional societies of the social democrat and other socialist organizations, committees from factories, coöperative societies and so forth. It was organized secretly before the revolution of 1905, in anticipation of that revolution, so that the socialist workmen would have an organ and a nucleus of organization ready to step forward in an emergency. It functioned for a time in 1905, but on the failure of the revolution disappeared from view but continued to exist secretly until the night of Monday, March 12th, when it moved into the Tauride Palace, into rooms side by side with the Duma and commenced to grow by leaps and bounds by the addition of deputies from every conceivable sort of a workmen's organization that existed or sprang into existence in the first few hours of the revolution. It at once assumed to be the supreme authority, commenced issuing orders, some excellent, some unfortunate. As it controlled the active forces of the revolution, the striking workmen and the rebellious soldiers, the Duma's Executive Committee had to go into coöperation with it, and it is well the Executive Committee did, or there would have been immediate civil war in the city. At least so I believe. The key to the whole situation lay with A. F. Kerensky, a member of the Duma from the Saratoff government, a member of the Labor Party (a "trudovik"), a socialist and presiding officer of the Council of Workmen's Deputies. The Executive Committee of the Duma invited him into the Ministry, as Minister of Justice, giving him five minutes to accept. He accepted without the consent of the Council but immediately went to them, and got their consent, not only to his entering the new ministry but to the ministry as a whole and to the temporary government, "in so far as the temporary government carries out the aims and desires of the revolutionary workmen and the revolutionary army of Petrograd but no further." Thus while now there are in fact two governments, the Duma and the Council of Workmen's Deputies, there is in theory only one, the executive committee of the Duma and its Ministry.

On my way home I learned that Nikolai II is supposed to have abdicated, that the heir apparent, young Alexis, who was sick with the measles at Tsarskoe Selo, has died of heart failure from fright and that the Empress has committed suicide. This rumor is a little too strong for belief, but I have learned that in the absence of newspapers these rumors are remarkably accurate at forecasting what will probably occur. The crowd has a sort of intuition of what the logic of events will bring forth and immediately express their intuitions in the form of statements as to what has happened.

Thursday, March 15—Nikolai has abdicated. Everybody is relieved. There will be no Vendée. Everything now depends on the continuation of the *modus vivendi* reached by the temporary government and the Council of Workmen's Deputies. It is stated that the latter will be enlarged by deputies from the regiments here and called the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. Order No. 1, issued yesterday by the Council, calling on the soldiers and citizens under no account to surrender their arms, is causing much comment. A handbill distributed by some radical socialists calling on the soldiers to mistrust, disarm and arrest their officers who are one and all adherents of the old régime, has been officially condemned by the Council and is generally disapproved.

The firing has ceased to-day, and the number of racing automobiles is considerably less. The talk on the streets is confined to speculation as to what the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch will do, most of the intelligent class desiring that he refuse the throne or at least wait until the Constituent Assembly meets. If all sides agree to wait for that we shall have civil peace.

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At the Capitol

THE fight which is now being waged in both houses of Congress over the administration food-control bill might have been considerably nearer a settlement by this time, had the suggestions of several members not of the administration party been accepted. In the Senate a week and a half was devoted to a discussion of the railway priority bill. The debate was as sincere and as searching as so far-reaching a matter merited, but it was often irrelevant. At the close of the session on Friday, Mr. Cummins declared: "Since the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Reed] left the subject immediately after the morning hour had expired, not a word has been said today upon the pending amendment. I only hope that tomorrow, before the amendment is voted upon, those who discuss the bill will devote themselves to the subject." Often, indeed, the discussion was farther afield than merely on a separate section of the same measure. On Tuesday, Mr. McCumber suggested what a good idea it would be to allow the Allies to recruit from their own citizens in this country, and Senator Calder declared that he "knew of no reason whatever why this could not be done." But Mr. Nelson cut off a promising discussion by reminding both senators that such a bill had already been passed by Congress, on April 18th, and that under its terms the British Recruiting Mission had secured, to date, over eleven hundred enlistments.

In the House a like misplacement of emphasis was more costly. Mr. James, a Republican member from Michigan, protested against the giving of an entire week to the Rivers and Harbors bill, which had not a great deal to do with the war, or much chance of passing the Senate without complete revision. "I am sorry," he said, "that the advocates of this bill would not grant permission for the food-control bill to be taken up, because the food-control bill is the measure we should be discussing now." Had these members been content to compromise on an amendment submitted by Mr. Parker, leaving in the hands of the President the decision as to what items were of "military necessity," they might have put their bill through before it was displaced on the calendar by the food-control measure; but by their refusal, and in answer to the invitation implied in the chairman's inquiry whether time was desired "to discuss the bill or for general discussion of other items," the debate ran along easily until the chance for even a compromised measure had passed.

Nevertheless, it is doubtful if the shortcomings of a rivers and harbors bill ever received a more searching criticism than in this instance. This was due partly to the growing number of members who have an honest desire to be rid of the practice of log-rolling—and who saw in the argument of war economy an excuse for challenging an established tradition—and partly to the fact that the controversy over the bill was made largely a partisan issue. Though certain members of his party desired the passage of the measure, Mr. Moore was right in his statement that many Republicans "believed that political capital could be made out of their opposition."

Thus, for the first time openly, the familiar factor of partisanship was introduced into the present session; and with the more dramatic issues such as conscription out of the way, it is likely that party lines will be drawn more clearly as the business of Congress becomes less concerned with various innovations. Party sympathy, of course, has never been entirely absent. Republicans in both houses have been ready with a purely partisan criticism whenever it was not certain to be too publicly advertised. Mr. Mann suggested that to help float the "liberty loan" the Secretary of the Treasury would do well to call upon "all of the orators who said in the last campaign that the President had kept us out of war"; Mr. Penrose "assumed that the seven thousand men to be appointed under the food-survey bill would all be Democrats—and would be withdrawn from the inestimable privilege of serving the country under the conscription law"; and Mr. Brandegee thought it wise to have read to the Senate an interview with Mr. Herbert Hoover, which, published over the signature of Mr. Alfred W. McCann, in the New York Globe, gave an impression of friction with the Department of Agriculture—although Mr. Hoover wrote to Senator Brandegee on the following day declaring that "all but an infinitesimal basis of the statements contained in the article were absolute invention." Such instances as these, however, are not unusual at a time when disagreement may be so real; and quite as bitter criticism of the President's plans and appointments has come from Democrats in Congress as from Republicans. No Republican has matched in partisan eagerness the speech which Senator Lewis delivered recently in New Hampshire, on the question of choosing a Democrat or a Republican to fill a vacant seat in the House of Representatives: "The question for you, then, is which way? Are you for America or for Germany? Are you for the President or are you for the Kaiser? Are you for the country or its enemies? Your ballot is the only answer you can give."

Aside from the opposition which met the Rivers and Harbors bill there have been, in fact, only four instances during the present session in which partisanship has shown itself in more than an isolated expression of irritation. The espionage bill was the most obvious of these instances. Partly through misjudgment on the part of the administration, and partly through mishandling of the measure by its leaders in Congress, the question of censorship was permitted to become a party issue, and of the 184 votes cast in opposition on the final test, 148 came from Republican members. Two other instances which showed a tendency less to vote individually than out of a party background came when opposition did not incur the unpopularity of blocking a major war measure; the first administration food bill passed the House with 68 Republican votes in the negative, in a total of 81; the revenue bill was passed by a vote of 329 to 76—all 76 opponents being Republicans.

Perhaps the most significant instance of party grouping came on the question of higher rates of income taxation. Here the fight was made under the leadership of a Republican member, Mr. Lenroot; but of the sixty votes cast against his amendments, all but seven came from Republicans. If any one disagreement can be picked out this early as a major issue in the Congressional elections of 1918, it is the question of high income and profits taxation. Mr. Penrose has already phrased what might be a campaign slogan against Democratic control: "Inefficiency and incompetence and the assumption of powers that were never contemplated, in order to coerce the business of the country." Republican opposition in 1918, as in 1916, is likely to be a pot-pourri of casual and negative arguments; and the developments of the war will offer ammunition. But irrespective of the stage of the war or the probabilities of peace, an early end to this new "conscription of wealth" will be a pertinent and, in many quarters, a welcome issue.

C. M.

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CORRESPONDENCE

America and Ireland

SIR: Certain aspects of the Irish question are not receiving the consideration that their importance warrants. The significant fact that Mr. Arthur Balfour omitted Boston, admittedly a strongly pro-Irish city, from his itinerary bears an emphasis that should provoke discussion. Of course, the question that lurks in the background is, What interest should and can the United States evince in the internal affairs of the British Empire, the present point being the disposal of the Irish unrest?

Most of us have discovered by this time that neutrality is an impossibility and that public opinion has a habit of drifting into final action. We certainly cannot be strictly neutral about the Irish situation, for too many citizens in this country are Irish.

Leaving aside the question of the rights of democracy, a code that is—in the last analysis—always secondary to our immediate material interests, the Irish question may be approached from two attitudes—sympathy and military expediency. Are there a sufficient number of our own citizens vitally aroused over the Irish predicament to make it logical and necessary for us to take some specific attitude? Will taking a specific attitude advantage us in a military sense in that several millions of Irish-Americans, now rather lowering and disaffected, will gratefully coöperate with us in the great task that looms before us?

It is practically out of the question for our government to take an official stand on whether or not Great Britain should grant home rule to Ireland, but there are countless ways of making our influence felt. Indications that this influence has been tentatively hinted at to the British Commission have appeared in the daily press. There are a large number of Irish societies all over the country that have ears to the ground waiting expectantly for some move on the part of the government.

"The Irish question cannot be settled," stated a friend of mine a few days ago. "The only way to settle an Irishman is to use a lead-pipe." Great Britain has been using a lead-pipe for some decades without materially settling the question. All questions, sooner or later, are settled, and it is primarily a question as to how it shall be done now. It is apparently a helpless muddle now, and Great Britain is vociferously putting forth the assertion that she would like nothing better than a way to give home rule to Ireland.

Great Britain has shown some sense in admitting her inability to settle the question herself. The Irish convention which has been promulgated by that astute Welshman, Lloyd George, in which Irishmen shall settle their own question by a constitution that all parties may agree to is an adroit shifting of an enormous burden from Great Britain's shoulders. "We cannot please you," says Britannica; "therefore see if you can please us." Of course, Ireland cannot. Whatever agreement the Irish convention arrives at, and it is extremely doubtful if it can agree, will find numerous obstacles planted before it. Great Britain expects a satisfied Ireland within the Empire and a goodly share of Irishmen demand no less than an absolutely independent nation. What part the Sinn Fein will play in the settlement of the situation bears watching. Great Britain, astigmatic always, made the Sinn Fein tremendously popular in Ireland by her wholesale executions following the Easter Week rebellion. Sir John Maxwell may play a greater part in the settlement of the Irish question than he dreamed of.

It is this complicated, exasperated and suspicious state of affairs that must be done away with if this country is to go into the war entirely cemented. We are fighting to settle a quarrel with Germany that cannot be settled any other way. If we are fighting for democracy alone, we should have gone into the war three years ago. But we are fighting for democracy as it affects us materially. Therefore the viewpoint from which we should approach the Irish question is primarily one of military expediency. Is it not a fact that we could become better allies of Great Britain if the Irish question were settled? We must become better allies with her to wage this war successfully. Victory will need the intensest coöperation of the nations.

I believe that we should, in an unofficial manner, show some interest in the Irish question. We protested to the Turk against the Armenian outrages, and there is no reason why we should not protest against the Irish muddle. Great Britain will and must weigh all that we convey to her officially or unofficially. On lines of military expediency we should unofficially advocate immediate home-rule for Ireland.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

A Farmer on Business as Usual

SIR: I live near Lawrence, Kansas, and have the habit each week after I have driven into town with my produce and disposed of it, of tying my team to some hitching posts near the University of Kansas's campus and going up into the library to read awhile. There I find magazines and periodicals of all descriptions that I do not have access to on my farm. They are at present quite full of matter of interest, and, after reading them a couple of hours or so, I have ample store of food for thought to last me while I make my lonesome drive home.

To-day I fretted myself into a nasty mood as I was going home, by brooding over some articles concerning wartime economy that I have read. I have lived pretty close to my farm most of my life, and do not make any pretense of having a scientific knowledge of economics. Still, it seems strange to me that people should find so much difficulty at the present time in deciding whether being saving is a good thing or not, and as my horses jogged along I finally grew so weary from thinking about this matter, that I leaned back in my seat and tried to forget my thoughts by listening to the tintinnabulations of my empty milk cans. To us serious-minded farmers this war is a bad thing, and should be gotten out of the way as soon as possible. We, as a class, are not fond of fighting, but when it is forced upon us we believe in jerking off our coats and giving the matter our undivided attention until the instigator of it has been whipped. And so with this war. If we were running it we would temporarily suspend everything that did not contribute toward the defeat of our enemy. To our way of thinking it seems incredible in the face of the present crisis—when civilization, as we see it, is at stake—that the nation should hesitate to dispense with luxuries and extravagances. We would be in favor of adopting the

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most stringent means of bringing the war to a rapid close. Without quibble or debate we would like to see the control of food, mineral products, ammunition factories, railroads, and whatever is essential to our present big business of war, taken over by the government. They should be run on the most efficient and economical basis possible, for the duration of the war, at least. During war is no time for a few individuals to be making fortunes out of war necessities while the rest are sacrificing everything.

Certain interests over the country are raising a great hue and cry over "false economy" and "saving hysteria." Just what do they mean by these terms? If it is that people should not hoard their money no one would say they were wrong. But when they say, "Keep the money circulating whether it is buying luxuries or necessities," they seem to be advancing fallacious argument. Should we try to keep "business as usual" when the Allies are so hard pressed for supplies? Has Germany been so successful in holding out against the awful drain of war by not being "too saving"? Is it their contention that $1,000 spent for an automobile will do more toward ending the war than the same amount invested for soldiers' equipment? By diverting capital and labor into the production of many-colored socks and wrist watches are we hitting the Kaiser a lick?

Of course if we don't buy luxuries it will mean the temporary closing of many factories and the losing by a great many men of their jobs. But would that spell disaster when the nation is begging for soldiers, mechanics and laborers of all kinds? One article in an advertising magazine would have all advertisers boycott a certain newspaper because it had protested against wasting money and energy for luxuries. Another article makes the sweeping statement that no nation ever became rich and prosperous whose people confined themselves to buying the necessities of life. We haven't looked the matter up in our history lately to see when a nation's people tried the experiment but should we really be concerned at present with becoming rich and prosperous? Shouldn't we be almost solely concerned with ending this war? Germany has to be whipped, we know that. Let's do it as quickly as possible. A quick, intensive fight is less painful and enervating than a slow, half-hearted one. Let's get our sanguinary task through with, so that we can continue our peaceful pursuits, and hope that there will never be another war.

A KANSAS FARMER.

Proportional Representation Gains

SIR: Two items of news which have scarcely been noticed in the daily press will be of interest, I think, to your readers.

A bill introduced in the British Parliament a few weeks ago with the approval of the government, though not as a government measure, provides for the election of about two hundred members of the House of Commons by the Hare method of proportional representation, which is already in use in South Africa, Tasmania, Ashtabula, Ohio, and Calgary, Alberta. As this bill merely carries out recommendations made unanimously by the Speaker's Conference on Electoral Reform, a body of thirty-two members of Parliament representing all parties and groups, it may be expected to be passed without serious opposition.

On May 19th the Legislature of British Columbia passed a bill, introduced by the Premier, which allows municipalities the option of adopting the same system of proportional representation for their local elections.

These events indicate that those of our states which are about to hold Constitutional Conventions will do well to look into proportional representation thoroughly. Many progressive people who look into the subject see in proportional representation, especially in the extraordinarily flexible Hare system, the long sought-for means by which the people can voice their will discrimination.

C. G. HOAG.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Astonishing Income Tax

SIR: I call your attention to a phase of the income tax law which is negligible when the rates are low, but becomes absurd when the rates are high. I refer to the permitted deduction of the tax upon the previous year's income as an expense of the year in which it is paid.

Suppose a man has a steady annual income of $10,000,000, and that the rate of tax thereon is fifty per cent. Apparently one-half of his income will annually be paid to the government. This is not actually so, however. The tax will fluctuate from year to year and the government will receive substantially less than originally intended. The first year such a person's tax will be $5,000,000. Next year he may deduct this from his income, leaving a taxable income of only $5,000,000, and so reducing the tax to $2,500,000. Tabulated for several years, the result is as follows:

	Taxable Income.	Tax.
1st year	$10,000,000	$5,000,000
2nd "	5,000,000	2,500,000
3rd "	7,500,000	3,750,000
4th "	6,250,000	3,125,000
5th "	6,875,000	3,437,500

You see, therefore, that though a man's actual income continues steadily at ten millions, his annual tax averages a little over three millions. Nominally he pays a fifty per cent income tax, actually he pays about thirty-three per cent.

The above absurdity could be obviated by providing that a sum paid as income tax shall not be a deductible item when calculating net income.

Referring to your common-sense opposition to exempting government bonds from taxation, I call your attention to the recent statement made by Mr. Otto H. Kahn, appearing in the New York newspapers, to the effect that at the rates of income tax contained in the present House bill, a person with an income of over two millions will save so much on his income tax that the three and a half per cent Liberty Loan bonds will yield him 9.21 per cent. Well may Mr. Kahn call this an "astonishing result."

WALTER FRANK.

New York City.

World Federation

SIR: I hope you will stress more and more the disarmed world federation (with international courts and police force) as the big, main purpose for which we are fighting. That is what we *must* have from now on, and the average American will not shrink from paying the price, as he surely *will* if no more worthy object be held to the fore than curbing the desire for growth on the part of our German cousins.

L. L. BINGHAM.

Estherville, Iowa.

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After the Play

DRAMAS that capitalize the charm of nursing the wounded, the romance of waving a flag, the sadness of lovers leaving for the front—these have a right to be mentioned by virtue of being so thoroughly offensive. There was something horrid about even Bernhardt wearing a bloody shirt and dying pro patria at the end of a loud recitation. The war is like radium in its intensity as a theatrical subject. Misused, it is doubly like radium in doing atrocious harm. For these reasons, reasons pregnant with recollection for New York playgoers this season, one hates to confess that J. M. Barrie's new playlets are mainly about the war.

The signal fact, however, is that Barrie has written The New Word and The Old Lady Shows Her Medals with a decency that is utterly impossible to the second-hand and third-hand playwrights, who merely appeal from their own vulgar preconceptions to the vulgar preconceptions of their audience. The war about which Barrie is writing is not a sentimentality derived from day-dreams of prowess, Kipling fantasy, school yarns of knighthood, pleasant fancies of endless effort and cheery self-sacrifice without a single hint of flagging energy, depression, poisonous fatigue. Slick and smug as the outsiders make war, Barrie has forgotten all that he ever dreamed of unreal heroisms and has aimed to give back through art the war-time London in which he is immersed. Tender, whimsical and sensitive he remains, with all his old conviction that human beings are ever groping for each other through a fog of inarticulateness, but the unity that the war has given to his England has put him in sober possession of his own people in London, and he writes of them with a sense of the meaning war has for ordinary people such as the American pot-boiling playwrights have entirely missed.

Quite often at Barrie plays I find myself unpersuaded by the author. I resent having him suggest how misunderstood I am, and how forlornly sympathetic, and how I keep lighting a signal in the window of my heart for a lover who never, never comes. If such preoccupations existed, I'd be for curing them, and not so much for nursing them into a solitaire romance. But in the two war playlets there is such humor mingled with the recognition and indulgence of sensibility, and such excuse for it under the circumstances, that only a man with a heart of leather could fail to respond. The Barrie mood has not greatly altered, but the theme is perfect for it, and so delicately accommodated to the beloved familiarities of Barrie's nature that a finer result could scarcely be supposed.

The first one-act play, The New Word, did not seem so well performed as The Old Lady Shows Her Medals, and for my own part I remember The Old Lady with deeper satisfaction. As a searching account of the human animal, however, The New Word is incomparable. A middle-aged middle-class Englishman is left alone with his young son, who is in his uniform as lieutenant and next day is to depart for France. The father is proud of his boy and the boy loves his father, but neither of them has ever overcome the embarrassment of close kinship, and Barrie exhibits them in all the awkwardness of their emotional illiteracy. For a really civilized person, perhaps, this playlet would have little or nothing to say. It would mean no more to such a rare person than the periodic grunts of visiting Indians mean to us, or the immeasurable silences of babies inspecting one the other. But far as we may have progressed beyond the mute Indian or the mute baby, most of us are aware of relationships that ache inside us like life awaiting birth. There is a peculiar estrangement that is bred by the very similarity of temperament between father and son, and an affinity that makes expression seem indecent. This is so gently, so humorously, suggested in The New Word, that the mawkishness of meaningful theatrical handclasps is avoided. Father and son do come near to each other, but Barrie is satisfied to leave them British to the end. Had he made them more articulate it might have been more admirable, but it would have destroyed their realness. To the last embarrassed cough of Mr. Trevor the father is real.

A chorus of London charwomen gave the second war playlet its body of flavor. However little the war may be theirs in point of advantageousness, it is indubitably theirs by association and sentiment and preoccupation, and Barrie shows how the tentacles of maternal emotion have fastened about the riddled hulk of Europe without regard to anything but the personal and regimental adventure to which these women give their sons. It is enough for those women that their sons are at the front to become parties themselves to the pomp and circumstance of war, and just this home proprietorship in the task of the empire excites a lonely charwoman, "Mrs." Dowey, to wish herself the mother of a soldier. She becomes adopted in that capacity after harsh resistance by a singularly outspoken, uncompromising and breezy Scotchman. The first interview between the demure though pertinacious Mrs. Dowey and the angry male who has fallen into her clutches is exceedingly racy and yet touching, and the maneuvering of the gigantic Black Watch soldier by the small body that wants to mother him is all the more amusing because it is so clearly recognized by both woman and man. Wonderfully acted by Miss Beryl Mercer and Mr. John M. McFarlane. If Barrie had been sentimental in this playlet, if he had made the man talk to slow music about the trenches, it would have been an unbearable nuisance. It is exquisitely enough that the man should say in his resonant tone that the men in the trenches are thinking of "chiffon" and then ruthlessly inspect the old lady's best dress to see if he can take her to the theatre. The melting of Dowey is finally admissible, and his formal reception of parting gifts from the other charwomen, including The Submarine, is a nice touch. Here, with or without the silent finale, there is a mood of the war that is true for a whole people, one that gilds dark depths with silvern light.

When the Barrie program was first arranged there were three war plays, but the possibility of including Miss Barrymore in The Twelve Pound Look caused the management to retire one war play from active service. The exchange could not but be wise. Barrie has never contributed anything more incisive, more capacious, more generous, more profound, than this short stinging commentary on male illusions, and Miss Barrymore has never given so serious or so spirited a performance. In a short play there are all kinds of technical difficulties. To prepare for an incident is almost impossible and to present an incident without preparation is to leave out the dimension that makes for reflectiveness. The author of The Twelve Pound Look surmounts these difficulties like a master. With a few strokes of characterization and reminiscence we have before us three complete persons, the woman who rejected the egoist, the woman who accepted the egoist, and the egoist. The broadness of Mr. Dalton's acting as the successful man rather detracts from the play, but Miss Barrymore is always in the picture—reasonable, ironic, perceptive, vigorous, humane. She is the event of the evening.

F. H.

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Books and Things

A FRIEND of mine says his dearest wish is to serve his country in this crisis. But what can he do? He is past military age. Life has not taught him how to organize and administer. From his vocation he has learned nothing but the art of detaching, sorting, labeling and depositing coupons. He is hunting for some official person who will set him a definite task.

He is sincere when he names his dearest wish. But I think he is mistaken. I think his desire to serve is two-fifths desire to serve and three-fifths desire to be ordered about. His deepest need is to have his decisions made for him, to have responsibility for his actions lodged outside himself. His agitation will not subside until he has given his will into somebody's keeping.

Since the war broke out a like impulse to surrender our wills has infected many of us. Distracted by all this new world, which differs to our sense most sharply from our older world in this, that we are never under the illusion that we understand it, we are sometimes tempted to give up the struggle to understand, and we look for peace of mind in submission to an authoritative guide.

Have you never felt, when you were climbing a mountain you didn't know, and had been making one difficult traverse after another, and were exhausted by the strain of deciding which of the too few handholds and footholds would bear your weight, have you never felt, upon coming to the last traverse across the last rock-face, a thrill of escape from labor and danger when you saw, fastened to the cliff, an unhoped for chain, over which you had only to hook your arm in order to loiter at ease across that mountain wall? You haven't? Neither have I, but this defect of experience shall not keep me from saying that nowadays, when "weary of myself and sick of asking," I look, as I have often looked for that chain, for a mind and a will I can cling to. I look, and do not find.

Remains the alternative of strengthening the will which is one's own. The magazines advertise many books on will-training. Each of them promises to heal the sick self, to strengthen the feeble knees, to turn the poor in heart into dominating personalities, to make live wires out of hard-bound brains. Pleasant is the picture, very pleasant and alluring, which these advertisements paint of the future. Your inhibitions shall be cast out of you, they shall perhaps enter into your Gadarene competitors, who shall be driven violently down a steep place into the sea, leaving your once faint heart free to win fair wages. Unless, indeed, your competitors happen to better their wills by buying and reading these same books, in which case the future looks less clear.

Yet it is not this chance that holds me back, or any kind of doubt. I do not doubt that the will-books can perform what their advertisers promise, or that this cloud of witnesses speak truth. Many a man who once was timid and uncertain whenever he had to approach the captains of industry, and whose lot it often was to be turned down cold, unheard, is now aggressively gainful, full of pep and propositions, having the punch. He has an eye of steel, a chin of granite, a compelling smile, and he has the big men, the smokers of maravillas and the riders in Rolls-Royces, coming round to his office and eating out of his glad hand.

What books have done books may do. It is not doubt of their power which keeps me from reading them. It is fear. I am afraid they would change me beyond recognition by any friend, any child, any wife. Your new convert is notoriously a bigot, and I might fall to dominating the home, the office, the day coach, the golf links, the club, the saloon, the church. My own rector would not know me when he saw me in his own vestry. I should have gained the whole world and lost my own identity, which, after all, I rather like, being used to it, and to the special faults of which I have cultivated a pertinent blindness.

Your plight may resemble mine. You may shrink from strengthening and aggravating your will, lest it should crush the rest of the world and of you. You may have abandoned hope of finding an authority to whom you can surrender it in toto. So be it. But why not tone down your longing to surrender, why not put up with a second best, why not look for an authority which will control you in a few details of life, say in your diet, smoking, reading or exercise? Are you a believer? Then listen to the voice of the Church. Suffer yourself to be guided by her firm inerrant hand. She will tell you, for example, as she has told so many of the faithful through many ages, what not to read. Even if you are not a believer there is nothing to prevent your acting like one, which you may easily discover how to do. No need to buy one of the more expensive books about the Index. For thirty-five cents, either direct from the publisher, B. Herder, St. Louis, or at any Catholic book shop, you can procure The Roman Index of Forbidden Books, Explained for Catholic Booklovers and Students, by Francis S. Betten, S.J.

"That the Church has the right," says Father Betten, "to legislate on the publication and use of all books that touch on questions of faith and morals must be evident to every Catholic." I could wish this truth were as evident to me, since I am about to let the Church direct my reading. My best course is to proceed as if the truth were already plain, to assume that the Church, as Father Betten says, "is the kindest of mothers; but she is also the wisest." But I shall not be reckless. I shall not imitate those early Christians at Ephesus, who burned all the superstitious books in their possession, and of whom Father Betten writes: "This example of loyalty to the Church cost them, as Holy Scripture says, between eight and nine thousand dollars."

No, I will not be precipitate. I shall pick my way. Perhaps I shall begin by restricting my reading to those thousand books which in 1897, when Leo XIII was Pope, were dropped from the Index. Or I may browse upon books still forbidden, taking my cue from Father Génicot, who says: "Were one to read only a few lines which he sees contain doctrine directly opposed to faith or good morals, he would sin grievously. But when nothing so extraordinarily harmful occurs, good moralists hold that as much as six pages may be read without mortal sin." Or perhaps the simplest plan would be to consult the short list printed at the end of Father Betten's book, to compile therefrom a list still shorter, to resolve not to read, for the next six months or so, either Addison's Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, Goldsmith's Abridged History of England from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Death of George II, Erasmus Darwin's Zoönomia, Hallam's Constitutional History, Mill's Political Economy, or Whateley's Elements of Logic. Such a partial surrender of the will will be balm to my troubled spirit, but it does nothing for the friend mentioned in the first paragraph. Like Prince Florizel of Bohemia, who confessed he had no great opinion of books, except to amuse a railway journey, my friend could eschew all reading without noticing a difference in his life.

P. L.

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Misinforming England

Misinforming a Nation, by Willard Huntington Wright. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25.

UNTIL the Encyclopaedia Britannica was boomed in this country there was no paramount reason why it should be criticized from the international point of view. It was not planned as an international work so much as an encyclopaedia Britannica, and quite naturally it followed the lines of the successive Britannic editors' habits of thought. Because it dealt with the universe, a sort of informative department store, people reasonably expected it to carry a large assortment of stock, to show a fair degree of sophistication and impartiality. But so long as it was sold to Englishmen in the main, the readers did not get excited if it showed rather a Britannic bias. In fact, they liked a Britannic bias. Who wouldn't, being a Briton? It is one of the things one is a Briton for. Only when the Encyclopaedia Britannica came to be pushed into prominence as a "supreme" book of international knowledge, and promoted as indispensable to Americans, did its internationalism require to be scrutinized. Is the work really sophisticated and impartial? That is the question which, regardless of the purely national origin and history of the enterprise, an American book buyer might fairly be induced to ask.

One who reads Misinforming a Nation is left in no doubt as to Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's answer. The publishers assert, he says, that the Britannica is a supreme, unbiased and international reference library. It is, he himself responds, "a narrow, parochial, opinionated work of dubious scholarship and striking unreliability." It is "characterized by misstatements, inexcusable omissions, rabid and patriotic prejudices, personal animosities, blatant errors of fact, scholastic ignorance, gross neglect of non-British culture, an astounding egotism, and an undisguised contempt for American progress." He feels, it is evident as early as pages 11 and 12, a combination of rage, disgust and anger—and this, without ever culminating, sweeps like an encircling tornado through his eleven chapters of protest. His book is a savage indictment of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and the last word in contemptuous arraignment of the claims to being trustworthy that distinguished its American advertising campaigns.

There are 30,000 pages in the work; 500,000 references; 44,000,000 words. On that account it becomes few people to make sweeping judgments of the performance as a whole. Defects and deficiencies in a work of 30,000 pages are hardly to be wondered at. One might suppose that there would be a great many debatable opinions among half a million references, and a number of erroneous statements in so vast a field of fact. To indict such a work, with its thousands of contributors selected from all over the world, it would clearly be necessary to do more than score a number of individual points. It would be obligatory to find some means of comparative criticism that would be exacting and at the same time just. For readers who themselves can never trouble to examine the 44,000,000 words that are criticized, the defects and deficiencies must be established not only by putting some of them in evidence but by exhibiting some other encyclopaedia which shows how the international job can be done. Without such a criterion the array of complaints may look heavily imposing, and yet afford no sufficient ground for condemnation. It would be a rare encyclopaedia, indeed, that could be all things to all men.

It is unfortunate for Mr. Wright's remorseless purpose that he has proceeded in an unscientific spirit and given so little objective justification of his criticism. On individual points he has made effective criticism. What he has to say is said in a nasty spirit, but it is seriously damaging. It raises ugly suspicions as to the work as a whole. Those suspicions, however, are never conclusively verified and until some one more reasonable and more sagacious than Mr. Wright undertakes the critical examination of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, it will still be worth house-room to persons who have space for that sort of work. Had Mr. Wright gone about his task in a different spirit, shown what could be fairly expected from an international encyclopaedia by giving the relative accomplishment of a German or French or American work making similar pretensions, the failures of the Encyclopaedia Britannica might have been made inescapably clear. Then it would be certain, in the light of French or German or American omniscience, how venomous, contemptuous, ruthless, unscrupulous, and the rest, the English production really is. To make it certain merely by asserting and proving the work's nationalistic character is impossible. There is too strong a presumption in every normal mind that no impartial cyclopaedia exists.

In his chapter on the novel Mr. Wright supports his charges of prejudice by holding up for ridicule such facts as that "George Meredith is accorded almost as much biographical space as Balzac," and that "giants" like Sudermann are shamelessly neglected. Matters of opinion like these are questionable aid in the indictment of an encyclopaedia. The telling arguments against the Britannica are supplied by simpler and more self-evident accusation. It is true that the account of Oscar Wilde is caddish. It is true that the estimates of Turgeniev and Nietzsche and Anatole France and Hauptmann and Joseph Conrad are fatuously inadequate. The crushing truth, however, is the large comparison that is made between the space allotted to English drama and non-English drama, English music and non-English music. For example, "In that division of the article entitled, Recent Music—that is, music during the last sixty or seventy-five years—we find the following astonishing division of space: recent German music receives just eleven lines; recent French music, thirty-eight lines, or less than half a column; recent Italian music, nineteen lines; recent Russian music, thirteen lines; and recent British music, *nearly four columns, or two full pages!*"

Such bias as this proportion reveals is quite characteristic of this national encyclopaedia, as probably of all national encyclopaedias. The only disconcerting item in this regard is the advertising that said the Britannica was "international." If one is shocked to find that Sir Arthur Sullivan gets more space than Brahms, it is by no means the last of surprises. Nietzsche is apportioned a column. William James is covered in twenty-eight lines. Stendhal is perfunctorily treated. And no biography whatever is given for any number of distinguished persons—Cézanne, Gauguin, Zorn, Redon, Van Gogh, Twachtman, Robert Henri; d'Albert, Charpentier, Mahler, Sinding, Max Reger, Sibelius, Busoni, Josef Hofmann; John Dewey, Stanley Hall, Freud, Jung, Josiah Royce, Bergson, Boutroux; Jacques Loeb, Simon Flexner, Burbank, Crile, Ehrlich, Percival Lowell, Metchnikoff; A.E., Rémy de Gourmont, Lady Gregory, Synge, George Santayana, Edith Wharton, Schnitzler, Korolenko, Clara Viebig, Tchekhoff, Romain Rolland. Mr. Wright lists 200 of these names. "Their omission is nothing short of preposterous,

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and can only be accounted for on the grounds of ignorance or prejudice. In either case, they render the encyclopaedia inadequate as an up-to-date and comprehensive reference work."

Although Mr. Wright's own criticism under the heading of science is hopelessly inadequate, although he leaves history and sociology to the imagination and exhibits his tendency to journalese in his perfunctory chapter on religion, the total effect of his snappish work is certainly to demonstrate the patriotic bias of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. What he overlooks, however, is the general doubtfulness of the adequacy of any encyclopaedia and the particular doubtfulness of the policy of poisoning any national fund of information at the source. In the process of misinforming the United States, the Britannica has also misinformed England —infecting us, if you like, with the illusion of inferiority but infecting England with the illusion of superiority. Is there much to choose? As a Nietzschean, Mr. Wright thinks there is. He wants us to have "the growth of that self-confidence and self-appreciation which alone make the highest achievement possible." But when the English promote their self-confidence and self-appreciation by a biased encyclopaedia, Mr. Wright does not like it. Mr. Wright refuses to be pleased.

F. H.

Herbert Spencer

Herbert Spencer, by Hugh Elliott. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.75.

WE have reached a stage in the history of ideas where a philosophic appraisal of Spencer's work would be an intellectual boon of no small magnitude. In almost every aspect of thought the trend of ideas has taken a direction different from that which he desired to give it. We no longer explain the phenomena of religion in terms of a simple animism. Psychology is dependent upon experimental work for its surest victories. The researches of Mendel and of Galton have changed the whole perspective of biology. The complexities of social life have made the state—for the present, at any rate—the pivotal element in human affairs. The movement of ethical theory —as the capital work of Lévy-Bruhl bears witness—has begun to turn from theological description to anthropological interpretation. Yet the fundamental work accomplished by Spencer has lost only in relative value. Whatever his defects, he stood out as one of the few men who, in the difficult sixties, pounded the idea of evolution into the unwilling minds of our grandfathers. The edifice he so laboriously constructed may have less now of the dignity and certainty it once possessed; Social statics, as Mr. Justice Holmes has epigramatically reminded us, is no longer enacted by the Fourteenth amendment. The age which has seen men like Durkheim in France and Graham Wallas in England forge what are nothing so much as new weapons of sociological investigation are not likely to be satisfied with the elaborate half-truths and inadequate researches which became in Spencer's hands those tremendous and fascinating generalizations which the last decade has so consistently disrupted.

Yet great merits were his which we are perhaps too prone to forget. It was he, after all, who elevated evolution to the dignity of a validated hypothesis in philosophic thought. It was he who first insisted that the central fact in psychology must be the study of the nervous system. Even more than Comte, he made of sociology a science of which men, whether they like it or no, are forced to take account. He did much to secure the erosion of that prejudice against industrialism which for Tory England had been associated with the sinister novelties of Cobden and Bright. He did a great work in destroying the comfortable doctrine that in Latin and Greek lies the primrose path to educational salvation. Not the most relentless criticism can make of him an undistinguished figure. Not the most ungenerous of historians can deny him a foremost place in the history of his time.

It is in the perspective of the nineteenth century that Mr. Elliott has endeavored to set him. His book is an unsatisfactory piece of work save in a single particular. He tells us—and we receive the information with awe—that he has read all Spencer twice. But he has not mastered the task that a book of this kind must attempt. All that he has to say of Spencer's life and character he says with admirable vigor. He paints a living picture of the man for those who have not the time or the patience to wade through the laborious and pathetic monument of lonely egotism Mr. Spencer called his autobiography. It has, indeed, every claim to be considered the best account of its kind as yet in existence. But when Mr. Elliott leaves the narrative and comes to a critical statement of doctrine, the volume is of a different calibre. It reveals nothing that is new, while it has vivacity that is hardly compensation. Mr. Elliott's own observations are inadequate. His epitome of Spencer's teaching is not full enough to be useful and too full to be brief. His criticisms rarely go to the root of the matter he discusses. The problem of equality, for example, is not to be solved by an offhand

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summary of the doubtful sociological speculations of Professor Bateson. Mr. Elliott had a golden opportunity to write a brilliant essay on the relation of the dogmas of this war to the background of Spencer's individualism. What he has in fact done here is to have elaborated a curiously ineffective syllogism like nothing so much as an effort of Macaulay's precocious schoolboy. His criticism is not abreast of modern speculation. It shows, indeed, that Mr. Elliott is interested in the problems of modern politics and has thought about them. It shows that he has a fine masculine capacity for likes and dislikes. But a book on Spencer to be really valuable must not stop, as Mr. Elliott stops, with an odd sentence of scepticism or a dogmatic fling of defiance. Whether this is due to ignorance or carelessness is difficult to say. One has the conviction that Mr. Elliott grew tired of his subject in the second half of his book and simply wrote to finish a work to which he was pledged. He notes, for instance, Spencer's contact with America in the narrative, but of his influence on American life he has no word to say. And I should guess that when Mr. Elliott drew up his bibliography he just cast a glance at his shelves and wrote down the titles that he saw there. Professor Royce's life, for example, is not the most happy of his writings; while the volumes of Hudson and Macpherson are nothing more than clever pieces of bookmaking. Things like the two famous papers of Maitland, the brilliant discussion by Professor Albion Small, the criticisms of D. G. Ritchie and Ernest Barker, go entirely without mention. There is no real treatment of the actual political effect of Spencer in retarding the vital transition from laissez-faire to socialized liberalism. If Mr. Elliott would recast his book in terms of modern knowledge and of modern needs, he could vastly improve it. As it is, it only escapes by a hairsbreadth the category of skilful journalism.

His book, indeed, suggests a conclusion too little realized at the present time. The historical account of the movement of ideas has suffered much from an attempt to divorce doctrine from its relation to men and events. The result has too often been a false because abstract perspective which has failed to throw light upon some of the fundamental questions to which answer must be made. No full account, for instance, of the doctrine of evolution can afford not to take note of the fact that its authors were liberals in politics. No account of its influence dare obscure the fact that its dominant result has been the destruction of political traditionalism. It has so clearly suggested that each institution, each theory, each event, is only one in an infinite series as to make impossible the erection of finality in any department of thought. It has set conditions to existence by introducing into its functioning a newer and richer teleology. Few writers have endeavored to think in this spirit. If one takes the two most popular handbooks in the history of political ideas—those of Professor Dunning and of Bluntschli—one finds in them no suggestion that the movement of thought has been related to events. Everywhere there is arid analysis on the basis of certain absolute values that are never fully explained. The contrast can be effectively seen if one compares their work with a history like Leslie Stephen's English utilitarians, or M. Halévy's complementary study of philosophic radicalism. Here is the answer to the how and why of things—the analysis of thought in the light of all that may serve to interpret its sources and prospects. For the political aspect of Spencer's work Mr. Barker has achieved a like success. It needs to be completed if we are fully to understand its meaning. There could be no more fruitful volume than that which should regard Spencer as an embodiment of a cross-section of English life and narrate its history in terms of him. In his classic biography of Francis Place Mr. Graham Wallas has given us the method. We have yet to follow in his path.

H. J. L.

Mr. Untermeyer's Heine

Three Hundred and Twenty Five Poems of Heinrich Heine. Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.

"IT is only in the hope of bringing the English reader closer to the source," runs the preface Mr. Untermeyer has given his version of Heine, "that these translations have been prepared. . . . They are the words, if not the music, to some of his immortal *opera*. And to instill in the listener an understanding of the masterpiece is the aim and hope of a libretto. It is a high purpose; and I will be proud if this version fulfils a part of it."

Certainly this volume fulfills a good part of that purpose. Mr. Untermeyer has unquestionably brought the reader who has no German closer to the source. If he has not quite succeeded in translating Heine the poet, he has succeeded very often in translating Heine the wit. Of all versionists he most definitely conveys the ironic intention that informs so many of the lyrics. Mr. Untermeyer has the insight necessary to the task. The little essay that he has prefixed to his work shows how fully he comprehends the character of Heine. He perceives nicely the struggle between sentimentality and irony that was ever present in the man's soul, senses keenly the speed with which the moods interchanged. Perhaps of all critics he gauges most correctly the extent to which racial disabilities and racial dreams moulded Heine's genius. And his superior understanding has served Mr. Untermeyer well. He has not been baffled by the humorous element, so confusing to most translators. In consequence, many of his translations are admirable. One can find little fault with his versions of Donna Clara, Angelique, To George Herwegh and of other poems of a similar genre. And that very understanding saves those less worthy of their originals. Whatever their faults, stupidity is not one of them. They are patently the work of a man who is himself a good deal of a wit.

Nevertheless, Mr. Untermeyer's volume is a little of a disappointment. One expected something more than a "libretto" from a poet who takes his calling so seriously. It was really Heine the artist that we wanted. There are Heine "librettos" a-plenty. We no longer need introductions to the poet, when our secondary education is year by year augmenting the number of Americans able to "quote"

"Ic wice nict wass soll es bedooten"

with pleasure if not with elegance. But we do want Heine in English poetry, and Mr. Untermeyer seemed the man able to give to us. To our regret he has not succeeded. Of course, the fault is not entirely his. The task of translating Heine is an inordinately difficult one. In spite of his apparent nonchalance, Heine was a precise and sensitive poet, a flawless prosodist. If he had steeped himself in the German folksong, he had steeped himself in Goethe and the classics as well. One must not be deceived by the ease and spontaneity, the simplicity and

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colloquial freshness of his song. Like the disarray of Byron, it was quite consciously arranged. Every one of the words that seem to follow each other so casually, is in the right place. Every rhythm, every careless snatch of music, contributes essentially to the effect of the whole. It is no easy matter to transfer the word-magic of so virtuosic a poet to another language. Nor does Mr. Untermeyer overestimate his own success. His preface warns us "I regret that in many cases, particularly in the very simplest of the lyrics, [the] exquisite and fragile music has been broken. Many of his poems, while wholly colloquial in speech and casual and even trite in idea, are transmuted into magic by their word-music and the perfection of the vowel and consonant sound. Such properties cannot be transplanted—the sense can be captured, the magic inevitably escapes."

However, there are many instances in the volume where it is obvious that Mr. Untermeyer permitted the magic to escape. There are times when the "libretto" is unfaithful. The fault is not always with the difficulty of translation. Too often it lies with the translator's want of self-criticism. There can be no excuse for permitting a line like

"Alas," cried one, half-choked with tears,

to stand in the song of so musical a poet. It is unfair to translate the words of one who fled vulgarity and slovenliness so assiduously as did Heine, by

the first good man
Who runs into her pathway

and

With a small light in her fingers
And a great glow in her breast.

Moreover, there are passages that suggest that Mr. Untermeyer was a little inattentive to the precise poetic value of the words he was translating. For the sake of a facile rhyme, he substitutes weak and colorless words for words that sum up in themselves the very emotion of the poem. Take, for instance, the concluding line of The Two Grenadiers. It is rendered

My Emperor, my Emperor, attending.

Heine did not suggest that the soldier was desirous of doing anything for Napoleon from standing in the antechamber to warming the imperial couch with a bed-pan. He let him say

Mein Kaiser, mein Kaiser, zu *schützen!*

There are other translations that reveal Mr. Untermeyer negligent of the dynamics of the text. He gives

Where the Ganges ripples along, love

for

Dort bei der *dunklen* Ganges,

when it is inexplicable why he should have failed to see the huge poetic import of the word he neglected. The line of the Prologue to the Harzreise that runs

Und die stolzen Wolken jagen,

is flattened into

And the Heavens grow in power.

The summits of the Rhine hills in the Lorelei

Gleam with the high light
Of sunset's curious shine

Similar schoolboyish translations are scattered all through the volume. And it is their presence that, despite the

More Travels of Robinson Crusoe

I have recently felt a strong inclination to go abroad again, which has hung about me like a chronical distemper. Yet no sooner do I think longingly of a trip to my plantation or to my old home in England, than the painful times and the infested condition of the waters is recalled to me.

I have therefore adopted a plan which I like better daily. I find that by but a slight exercise of my imagination I can accompany others upon their journeyings. Thus during the past month I have visited a number of countries and enjoyed experiences covering a variety of centuries with but the smallest expense and bodily effort.

I set forth first with one Birket, a sea-captain from the West Indies.[1] We set sail on July 26th, 1750, landed at Portsmouth, and traveled down the east coast of the United States. It was interesting to visit towns like Boston and Philadelphia in their beginnings.

With a young historian I next accompanied the Atlantic Fleet of the United States upon a winter cruise.[2] By a careful observation of the work from day to day, I became familiar with the life of both seamen and officers.

Once upon the sea, I was little inclined to return to the land. I therefore embarked upon an eighteenth century voyage with Moreau de Saint-Méry,[3] who sailed from Havre to Norfolk in 1793, returning to Paris in 1798. The interval was spent very pleasantly in the United States, notably in Philadelphia. I was thus able to observe again the region which I had visited with Birket. In fact, I became so attached to this new and great country that I accepted an invitation to ride west in a schooner wagon of 1810.[4] I traveled with a Deacon under the amusing guidance of a young lady, at once well-born and witty.

My next adventure was a visit to China, entering it in the host of Timur, who lived five hundred years ago and who has been sung by William Rose Benét in his "Great White Wall."[5]

My last journey was timeless and while I call it a journey to Bagdad, I should not be competent to trace my route upon the map. Yet of all my journeys, it was fullest of pleasant imaginings, and I should advise it for all who feel themselves ready for a summer outing.[6]

My method of traveling I can commend to all.

[1] SOME CURSORY REMARKS. Made by James Birket in His Voyage to North America, 1750-1751. *$1.00 net.*

[2] A LANDSMAN'S LOG. By Robert Wilden Neeser. 40 illustrations. *$2.00 net.*

[3] VOYAGE AUX ÉTATS-UNIS DE L'AMÉRIQUE, 1793-1798. By Moreau de Saint-Méry. Edited, with an Introduction, by Stewart L. Mims. *$2.50 net.*

[4] A JOURNEY TO OHIO IN 1810. As Recorded in the Journal of Margaret Van Horn Dwight. Edited, with an Introduction, by Max Farrand. (Third printing.) *$1.00 net.*

[5] THE GREAT WHITE WALL. A Poem. By William Rose Benét. With illustrations by Douglas Duer. *$1.00 net.*

[6] JOURNEYS TO BAGDAD. By Charles S. Brooks. With woodcuts by Allen Lewis. (Third printing.) *$1.50 net.*

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cleverness and keenness of much of Mr. Untermeyer's Heine, makes us concur regretfully in his statement—"Heine, unadulterated and undefiled, can be had only from Heine's own pages."

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Legal Orthodoxy

Law and Its Administration, by Harlan F. Stone. New York: Columbia University Press. $1.50.

THIS is not a book intended to give mere scientific information in regard to the subject matter indicated by its title. It is devoted to the more pious aim of "contributing to the cause of good citizenship" by strengthening the traditional American faith that God can govern his chosen people only through a constitution, courts and lawyers.

In recent years shameless scepticism in regard to this faith has raised its head; and this has brought forth a large number of devotional books which, like the one before us, contain just enough information to justify the ways of the Law and the Lawyers to man. Though perfectly decorous and unexciting, these books thus belong to revivalistic literature. Like the older theologic books they are directed against those perverse infidels who would push the fallible methods of modern science into law as well as religion.

The noble purpose of these books does not call for much original knowledge or novelty; and Dean Stone has in that respect wisely followed the pattern set by ex-President Taft and ex-Ambassador Hill. As the dean of one of our large law schools, however, he has felt peculiarly called upon to rebuke the adherents of sociologic jurisprudence who would make judicial decisions in regard to large public questions depend upon the fallible and sometimes hasty human sciences of sociology and economics, instead of recognizing that a training in the law and elevation to the bench must be sufficient if we are to maintain our system of government. Why need the Supreme Court find out from lay experts the exact hygienic effects of working more than ten hours in a bakery, when it can readily settle the matter by listening to two lawyers? As law embodies only the wisdom of the past, there is an irrefutable presumption against all *modern* theories as to economic or social justice. This is best illustrated by the author's handling of the famous Ives case in which the New York courts had to consider a workmen's compensation law. The state and the federal constitutions both provide that no man shall be deprived of his property without due process of law, and the question arises whether an admittedly just workmen's compensation law violates that provision. Economists make elaborate analyses of the cost of production to show that the employer would not be deprived of any property at all, that the ultimate cost would be borne by the consumer. But clearly if courts were to consider such testimony our constitutional system would be subverted! We must be governed by constitutional law and not by theoretical economics! Hence the court must declare the law unconstitutional, as depriving the employer of his property without due process. After due delay the state constitution is amended and the matter is argued over again with reference to the identical prohibition in the unamended federal constitution. After many years of litigation the courts then find that a workmen's compensation law is, after all, not a taking of property without due process of law. Can anything be simpler and more orderly? No wonder that Dean Stone almost loses his temper at the fact that people ventured to criticize the original decision.

Not only the bench but also the bar is the object of the author's skilful defense. The charge that lawyers have served as the tools wherewith large corporations controlled our politics and legislation from New Hampshire to California is passed by with contemptuous silence. The temple of constitutional law is still sacred.

Contributors

to this issue

H. N. BRAILSFORD is an English authority on economics and on the Near East, is the author of The War of Steel and Gold and other books on international affairs.

PAUL ROSENFELD was graduated from Yale in 1912, has been on the staff of the New York Press, and is the author of various critical articles on music and literature.

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